Toronto Saturday Night.

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Around Town.

New Year makes us think of the crop of resolutions which always ripens on that date. good resolutions of course. Ah, how many you and I have made of them! Admit it, admit it now; if I am willing to confess why should not you? And broken them! Certainly. Enough to pave our share of sheol and macadamize the streets of Toronto! What was the reason? We didn't want to keep them; thought we'd have more fun by breaking them. Am I right? Weak will? Possibly. Probably a weak desire to be good, would express it better. We made the resolutions just after we had been tempted—and had yielded. To ensure the permanency of good resolutions, it must be admitted one must make them before rather than after temptation and yielding. We always make ours after we have yielded, don't we, and while we are sorry but sane in what Bill Nye calls a "bromide interval." "Sorry" is no good. Reason is what does it; cold, calm reason which may make us shudder, but which holds us steady! A doctor who was examining me for life insurance once, told me that I had something the matter with my heart. I told him he hadn't his knowledge of medicine with him and called in half-a-dozen experts. One after another told me the same, and I laughed. Finally the seventh informed me that I had smoked too much and must quit it. I had a cigar in my mouth, but then and there I tossed it into the cuspidor and have never smoked since. I was convinced. I have not wanted to smoke. Why? Because I knew I was doing myself an injury. Convince me on any other point in the same way and I am reformed. Stop a minute, I am wrong; I have smoked since, I was captivated by the incense of a good cigar and bought a box. I felt it would hurt me, but I decided that if it did it would not be hard to quit again. I had a regular debauch of smoking, sat up nights to smoke and had more than half finished the box before I felt any the worse for the experience. Again I tossed the weed away and have not since been tempted. It is the only vice of which I have been cured. Those who teach the virtues should prove to us that we are wrong and that we are really damazing ourselves and away will go the desire. Love of life, temporal and eternal, will take away any taste we have for the most alluring dissipation if it can be shown that existence would be happier without it.

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Half resolves are the ruin of those partially inclined to be good. For instance: A man discovers that he is drinking too much, and he determines to lead a different life. How does he ordinarily set about it? By swearing off entirely and with a thorough determination never to touch intoxicants again? No; he decides to reduce the number of his drinks to say three per day, and for a couple of days this works very well. Then he probably gets his three before the day is half over, and meeting a friend who insists on his "having a horn" he finds it difficult to refuse. His friend urges, "If you can drink with other people you can drink with me." The man who is trying to reform explains that he has made up his mind not to take more than three drinks a day and that he has already taken them, but his friend is in a convivial mood and insists that he shall not draw the line there. "Take a drink now and make it count on to-morrow," he urges. The new resolution is shaken; he takes a drink and resolves that it shall be deducted from the next day's allowance, and probably before he concludes he will have all of the morrow's potations under his vest and is feeling so merry that he forgets all about his resolution. Next day he is sorry and resolves to go without anything for three or four days until he catches up, but he meets his friends again and they are feeling a little sorry too and proceed to treat their repentance, and, feeling a little better, decide that another drink would make them feel all right, which is followed by a third to make them feel first rate and the old habit is as firmly established as ever.

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Another man begins the new year by resolving that he won't drink anything in a public house and consoles himself with the thought that he can take a "horn" now and then in the club or at home or when visiting a friend. The result is just about the same; he goes to the club often enough to get his regular number of drinks and probably wastes a little more time over it, and at night, instead of going down town he visits an acquaintance and takes just as many drinks there as if he had been boozing elsewhere, and when he is not paying calls of this kind he makes it a point to have some one in to see him and the amount total consumed is not reduced. In the course of a couple of weeks he notices that his new resolution is not benefiting him any and decides that he might just as well go back to his old habit.

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Still another man makes a good resolution that he won't drink any spirits but will confine himself to beer, native wine and "soft stuff." For a week or two this may work all right but he then gets bilious and believes that the beer is not agreeing with him and the native wine is making him sick, and his old habit urges within him that what he needs is a good stiff horn of whisky or a "hooker" of gin, and just for this once he decides that he will "take it for his stomach's sake" and return to his resolution later on and stick right to it. After so long a rest spirits taste very nice to him, and with the genial glow infused into his system he decides that he is not going to ruin his health by drinking beer and such light trash, and his resolution is gone. I have known dozens of men who have resolved on the first of January never to take a drink except after business hours, and for perhaps a month this would mean not until after six o'clock. Then they would persuade themselves that their business was really over at five o'clock and at that hour would go out with a friend and take something. A few days later on a friend would call in about half-past four and they would decide that business was really over for the day, there wasn't anything done after half past four, and out they would go. In the course of a week business hours would be walking backwards until the usual appetizer would be taken before luncheon. Others, feeling that they have taken too much of an evening, and been unfitted for business, resolve that they won't take anything except on Saturday nights and Sundays, that they may be sure not to interfere with their business. A resolution of that kind is apt to last just about one week. Then, again, thousands resolve at the beginning of the year not to touch anything for two or three months, and no doubt a great many stick to it and wind up the period set apart for total abstinence with an able-bodied spree, and though the period of rest many do their livers some good the relapse weakens their resolution and power of resistance. A man is much more apt to stick to a resolution if he makes it for a year, than if he makes it for a month. A month does not seem worth while, but a year is a sufficiently respectable period to make it worth an effort. The solemn fact, however, is that these half-way resolutions never amount to much. Men who find that they are drinking too much should resolve to quit forever. It is ten times as easy to accomplish as the keeping of a half-hearted resolution. When a man has resolved to blot an evil habit out of his life it is astounding how quickly all temptation disappears from his thoughts and his life. His friends recognize that it is for good and help him to keep his resolution. People never think any more of inviting him to drink. He naturally avoids places where everybody is doing what he does not intend to do, what he knows he should not do. When he is idle in his office the thought of clapping on his hat and going out to find some one who will take a drink with him never comes into his mind. He fills up his time with business and devises new methods of entertaining his friends. He not only loses the habit, but is very apt to get a distaste for the society of those who persist in it. For this reason the majority of men who have been drinkers and really swear off are apt to become more or less enthusiastic temperance workers, but the great question is how to get a man up to the point of taking an iron-clad resolution—though perhaps the greater question is how a man is to do that sort of thing for himself, because it is something he must, to a great extent, do for himself, though others may be helpful and provide him with companionship which he loses when he discards the drinking custom. Ninety-nine out of every hundred who drink have a notion that it is good for them, and I will not deny that in many cases it may have been the bridge which has carried them over periods of depression, despondency and ill-health, though it is not unlikely that the cure may become as dangerous as the disease. Yet it is not that sort of thing which induces the majority of men to use stimulants. Life is not always a very desirable thing; troubles and afflictions, unhappy homes, unhappy hearts make many days drag wearily. Careless of the future but determined to make the present as jolly as possible, men find in drink companionship and temporary freedom from care which they believe cannot be found elsewhere. Plenty of those who follow this method of making life a little brighter know that they are shortening their days but they don't care if they are. Their motto is "a short life and a jolly one." They would rather live forty years and have a good time than live to be seventy and have their noses to the grindstone, when, in the spells of forgetfulness under the influence of stimulants, they can be boys again. These men will tell you that they would not stop drinking if they could. They always think they are having a better time the way they are living than if they were temperance cranks. They point out that there is nothing else which produces the same feeling, nothing else does so much towards making life endurable. This is the whole secret of the drinking habit and I don't believe the temperance people have yet invented anything which looks half so tempting to the old drinker as a night in the smoking room with half a score of jolly companions or the flowing bowl which follows the feast. Such ideas may be low; they may prove that the animal is stronger than the better nature, but such I believe to be the reason why men are unable to make up their minds to quit drinking entirely. They don't want to quit; they may want to take a rest occasionally, but in their hearts they are determined to have a "good time" before very long. Those who make New Year résolutions should thoroughly understand that this is the motive which keeps them from discarding the thing altogether, that this is the reason (a poor one it may be, but a general one most certainly) which makes them cling to the notion that some empty resolution will keep them within bounds. I am not trying to preach a temperance sermon; I am simply examining the facts, so that those who are in the throes of a swear-off may know just how much or how little it means. There are, no doubt, a vast number of people who always drink moderately, and need no vows, though there may be various opinions as to what moderation means. A physician told me, the other day, that a man came to him with his liver all gone, and his insides swollen up as big as a barrel, and he asked him whether he had been drinking to excess, and he replied he had not. "Well, how much have you been drinking? How much do you drink in a week?" "O, about a gallon of whisky; perhaps a trifle more, and a little beer at my meals." That was one man's idea of moderation, and he kept that up for ten years, until his liver was incurably diseased. Another man might have succeeded in doing this for forty years, and been in pretty fair condition, while another man might have died in the first year. I know a number of men who take two or three drinks a day, two or three more in the evening and are now, after fifty years of this, rosy old fellows, the picture of health. I know others who confine themselves to a nightcap. But the majority of men think moderation embraces very much more than this. I have in my mind a dozen who I am certain drink two gallons of whisky a week and will point with pride to the fact that they never get drunk and know enough to do a thing moderately. It is perhaps worth while at the beginning of the year to size up one's self, but I am conscious that this will not influence anybody except those who have in some manner been convinced that they are injuring their business, their health, their happiness or their prospects, and it will mean nothing to them unless they make up their minds to quit it forever.

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But smoking and drinking are not the only things people swear off at the beginning of the year. There are other and even greater things which people resolve to drop and which they almost invariably continue. As our clerical friends would say, they have not "experienced a change of heart," that is to say they have not yet made up their minds that they could have "as good a time" without as they have with this vice. But until that conviction comes to them their resolutions will furnish material for the paving contractor who is said to have a permanent job down below. Until a man or a woman likes good people better than he or she likes bad people they will still stick to evil habits and companionships and suffer all the miseries that sort of thing entails. Though one cannot really find a reason to support the belief that any one can have a better time in evil society than can be had in the good.

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I suppose people swear off grumbling and scolding and fault-finding and swearing and all those demonstrations of an unbalanced mind and a disordered stomach. As in other instances, ninety-nine out of a hundred find it too much trouble to stick to it. They are not sufficiently unselfish and self-sacrificing to deny themselves the miserable pleasure of making other people miserable. They have not even the seductive reason that presents itself to the tippler, that they are having a better time by doing that sort of thing; they continue it out of pure cussedness, though perhaps it is as hard to rid one's self of what might be called a trivial fault as it is to become free from a conspicuous vice. One gets less credit for doing it and there is consequently less incentive to make an effort. If a man frees himself from degrading vice, people congratulate him and he goes up in public esteem and he is a great fellow, while if a poor, overworked, much afflicted woman were to rid herself of the habit of scolding and complaining, only her own family and intimate friends would appreciate it, and she, poor thing, never recognizes what a great and glorious thing it would be.

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We are all of us mighty ready to offer advice to other people and to coax and pray that some friend may drop some objectionable habit, but there is probably very little self-examination as to what good thing we could do and what bad thing we could leave undone for the happiness of others. Those who have one very bad habit seem to confine their resolutions to the abandonment of that one thing, and if they think they are unable to do it make no effort with regard to the other things requiring less effort which might perhaps produce quite as desirable results. Young ladies see their brothers using tobacco, criticise their unmannerly conduct, and yet never suspect, apparently, that at the beginning of the New Year they might make a solemn resolution not to use their mothers as drudges or waiting maids. They might, too, resolve to show some little delicate attentions to their fathers, helping them on and off with their coats and giving them now and then those caresses which mean so much and cost so little, recognizing the efforts that are being made for their happiness, their education and settlement in life. I reckon, my friends, that there are a vast number of things which would double the happiness of the world if they were abolished from our lives and habits by a grand New Year's swear-off, and yet they might not include any of the leading vices which are preached against and so vigorously denounced. In sweeping our yard or in looking over the fences and advising our neighbors to sweep theirs, too much attention is often paid to the big things. Perhaps if the little vices, nasty mean habits were cleared out of our lives and the lives of those around us the big vices would look much more hideous than they do and the tendency would be to banish them also. As it is the world is so full of objectionable little things that they partially conceal the great evils, as a little layer of rubbish may hide from view, or at least smoothen, the jagged outlines of formidable rocks and deadly cess pools. If the rubbish and peccadilloes were cleaned away those of us who have a big fault would perhaps be astonished to find how hideous it might look.

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The general reader may think I am wasting space on this "swear off" question. I know better. There is a big audience who will understand what I say and suspect me of having personally tried all the experiments of which I write.

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The other day my thoughts turned on the creation of man and the divine impulse which led God to exclaim, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." Probably we have no right to inquire into God's reasons for creating us, but yet as we are the created objects it is interesting to turn our finite wonderings in that direction. Was God anxious to see creatures made like Himself, who were to be gods in their own little way, yet by no means to be gods as He was God? Of course, one cannot fathom His infinite purpose nor measure the degree of likeness which we bear to Him, or which, before we became sinful, we bore to Him. Yet we know that "God created man in His own image, in the image of God created he him. . . . . To have dominion over the fish of the sea, over the fowl of the air, over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." Now, if we are created in His image, the impulse within ourselves to create the most wonderful thing which our ingenuity can devise, to set it at work, to find out what it can accomplish, is but a reflex of a similar impulse in God himself. Then is it unnatural to suppose that we were created the most wonderful of all created things and placed upon this earth to work out a future for ourselves, to prepare for another world of which we know not, but where perhaps we shall approach still nearer the image of God, our struggles meantime being watched by Divine eyes and our efforts aided by fatherly care?

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If we are created in God's image is it not interesting to think of those attributes of Deity which have a feeble counterpart in us? God is omnipotent. So is man, his power being only limited by the circumstances which surround him, hindered by the clay of which the image is made. Man rules everything and revelation tells us he was intended to "have dominion over the fish of the sea, the fowl of the air, and the cattle and everything upon the earth." God is omnipresent. So is man. Though in body he cannot be everywhere, in mind he can seek out the uttermost parts of the earth, and were he not laden down by the clay of the image he could personally be wherever his mind goes. A remarkable feature with regard to the omnipresence of man has doubtless struck every thoughtful person. One sees things which one is positive he has not seen before and yet they look familiar. In journeyings strange places come upon one with all the force of old associations, and memory struggles with a dim recollection of everything thereabouts, yet no amount of cudgelling of one's brains will make it appear, either in sleeping or waking, when or where the eyes have beheld that scene before. There are many writers who hold that the spirit sometimes forsakes its tenement leaving the breathing, sleeping consciousness behind and goes upon fantastic journeys, stands at the bedside of a friend, or touches the responsive spirit of someone who is very near and dear. Others who hold that this cannot be, that the spirit cannot leave its tabernacle and ever return to it, contend that those who die sometimes are privileged in spirit to visit those to whom they are nearly allied before forsaking the earth with which they are done. At any rate it is a delightful study when we think how God, who can be everywhere at the same time, has made us in His image so that while we are here, our thoughts may be with a friend thousands of miles distant, and it would be a pleasant thing if one could believe that that intangible thing a thought, or that which within us is a reflex of God's omnipresence, could occasionally manifest itself to those distant ones of whom we think. Certainly we have not even the image of that attribute of God, unless to a certain extent we have such a power, but although it has not yet been proven or well defined, yet the presumption is that it does exist. Every year we are able to draw closer to distant friends by means of electricity, and our omnipresence would appear to stand in greater ratio to that of God than it did years ago if it were explicable on the ground of known laws or natural communication. It does not seem reasonable to urge that we are growing nearer to His image in such a

THE EPICURES.

way, though in like manner it appears as if every day we are obtaining greater dominion over the earth and sea, by binding steam and electricity and the forces of nature to the chariot of our progress. God is omniscient, knows everything, sees everything. We certainly must be a very, very feeble reflex of our Creator in this respect. We know so little, and some people seem to us to know absolutely nothing except that they are hungry, and yet there are a wonderful number of things which everybody knows. Some of the instincts of the Indians and of the frontiersmen are almost incredible. It has been well established that amongst those aborigines of the North-West there is a system of mental telegraphy by which news can be flashed across vast mountains and plains, and I do not remember a magazine article which has interested me more than a description of this written some time ago by Mr. Edward Farrar, the present editor of the *Mail*, a man of rare information on subjects of this sort. If you have ever followed one of those children of the woods over the plains, their unerring and intuitive knowledge could not but overcome your mind with wonder. Yet when you take one of these men and teach him to reason, all this intuition passes away. Probably people in their feeble and incompetent way reason too much and thus prevent themselves from being more governed by the knowledge that they intuitively possess. Some of the greatest men of business, the most successful men and most masterful men, are those who know a few things; they cannot remember where they learned them or if they ever learned them. They are guided by something that seems to tell what to do. Women are remarkable for the power of their intuitions. They are much more frequently right than men when they decide without an array of facts before them. The great trouble with them is that they can be so easily reasoned away from their conclusions. Those who have studied the subject must admit that there are many things we know and see, while of the manner of knowing and seeing them we are ignorant. It would take great space to set forth examples, but the reader by carefully thinking out the subject for himself will find a great array of proofs suggesting itself.

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We are either growing nearer to the image of God in this respect or we are just beginning to discover attributes which man has always possessed. We know of the five senses which we daily exercise, but a great philosopher has said we may have fifteen and not be aware of the presence of the other ten. We understand some of the laws of nature. Can we pretend to understand them all? Those things which have been told to us as miracles were perhaps but the manifestation of some law of nature of which we are unaware. There is a great field of pleasant and it seems to me profitable speculation as to how near the most perfect man could come to the image of God as He first made it and as to how little he might be encumbered by the burden of his earthly shape and how much of omnipotence, omnipresence and omniscience of God might be his. No doubt those whose lives are most spiritual, who have least of the grossness of the flesh, whose minds have most sympathy for and most knowledge of unseen things, those in fact who have not argued away their intuitions, have not spurned the little revelations which come to them, those who have accepted the knowledge which they possess, approach as nearly as possible the ideal human beings, and are least fettered by having been made *only* in the image of God. I imagine that the teaching of abstract theology and the continual promulgation of fixed and arbitrary laws as a part of religion, have always tended to reduce the spiritual striving after a knowledge of one's self and have in many cases stolen the beautiful ideal of divinity from man and replaced it by an image always unsympathetic and often terrifying. Religionists, forgetting that they were made but as images of their Creator, have endeavored in creeds and by learned treatises and stupefying preaching to create a God whom we can understand and have only succeeded in fastening in our minds an ignoble and material picture which is but the reflex of what the theologians thought Him to be, without approaching in the slightest degree to being what God is. It has been a case of the images setting to work to make an image of their Maker.

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Talking about the ultimate bounds of human power, what a sad commentary it is upon it when we see the best, strongest and greatest men die. If it were not for the story of our first parents' sin it would be a great puzzle to account for the fatal mental and physical flaws which mark the image which God made of Himself. Even as it is, it leaves us to puzzle over the original from which all these pains and aches were copied, or were they created as a part of our equipment? When we are made conscious of the serious nature of the flaw I, for one, cannot help wishing that Adam and Eve had been created with a less conspicuous taste for fruit, and by-the-bye, that taste, for the indulgence of which they were degraded and expelled, in whose image was that created?

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One of Mr. Mowat's Cabinet Ministers told me the other day, through the ear of a friend, that the Government is very seriously considering the abolition of exemptions and that it is not unlikely that they will endeavor to head off the Equal Rights and Meredith movements with some such concession to popular opinion.

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The municipal campaign has thoroughly "not" in, but thank goodness it will be over on Monday and we shall know that the city is safe. The crop of aldermanic candidates is large, though the variety is somewhat small, the majority of them being well covered by Artemus Ward's description, "men of small calibre but immense bore." Some of the patriarchs are going back to the council, however, and people will look to them to instruct the new fellows in the mysteries—the unfathomed mysteries—of city government. The mayoralty fight is almost funny, inasmuch as it appears to hinge on the question whether a man who has served the city with distinguished ability should be permitted to do so another year when a vast deal of uncompleted and exceedingly important business will demand the immediate attention of whoever is elected to the chief magistracy. If under similar circumstances a business man or private corporation were to think of discharging their chief clerk on the ground that they had had him two years, people would think they were insane. Because a considerable number of citizens take this insane ground is why the thing seems to me almost funny.

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The gentleman who nominated Ald. McMillan seemed anxious to find some sort of excuse for doing such a peculiar thing, and the seconder also seemed to feel in an apologetic humor. One of the excuses offered by the mover was that Ald. McMillan is in favor of the Sabbath. I do not know what reason he has for imagining that Mayor Clarke is conspiring against either Sunday or Monday. I have seen no indications of anxiety on the part of Mayor Clarke to order out a street car on Sunday for his personal convenience, and if he were to steal a portion of the sabbatarianism of the town I don't know what he would do with it, for there is really no other city on the continent that would put up with as much arrant humbug under the title of sanctimony as Toronto does, and I am really sorry to believe that Mayor Clarke still adheres to the old Kirk notions that the chief way to manifest our excessive piety on the first day of the week is by eating cold victuals, looking sour and sorry that the day is lasting so long and generally refusing the companionships and innocent amusements for which we have been sighing all through the busy week. Nobody in Toronto wants a laborious Sunday. There has been no agitation for it. All that has been petitioned for was something to make the Sabbath a little less laborious, a little less dyspeptic, a little more human. But our strict friends need have no fear of anyone attempting it at present. There is not a politician in the town dare try it for fear of the frown of the clerics and ostracism from that circle which sits near the pulpit and is most remote from "pure religion and undefiled."

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If Mayor Clarke is defeated by a manifestly inferior man—a most improbable thing—it will be caused by the over-confidence of his friends on one hand, and the exceeding untruthfulness of his enemies on the other. The *Telegram* has stopped at nothing. It began by distorting facts, proceeded to invent new "facts," continued to distort its own inventions, and then followed it up by giving birth to slanderous rumors which have been a disgrace to that widely circulated and profitable newspaper. Its zeal has been remarkable, and its hatred of the person pursued must be deep as the pit itself or it would not stand, as to-day it does stand in the eyes of a large and intelligent portion of the community, as a newspaper which would rather defeat a man it dislikes than have a reputation for fairness, honesty and truthfulness. That it has sacrificed these considerations—usually so highly prized—in order to defeat a gentleman who has endured all its vilifications without losing his dignity or making retort, proves that it must have a great deal at stake, unless we accept its conduct as evidence that it does not hold in respect the decencies of journalism or even the none too rigid proprieties of everyday life. If Mr. Clarke should be defeated I shall certainly feel much more sorry for the *Telegram* than for him, but I imagine that Toronto cannot be misled by such palpable slanders nor its electors induced to support a candidate whose platform consists in nothing more brilliant than a sort of a cry-baby complaint that the other fellow has had the office for two years and that it is now his turn to sit in the high chair.

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Adversity hath its uses, but six weeks of painful illness have prevented me from seeing those things which ordinarily suggest topics for this page and make me feel as if I were getting out of sympathy with the moving, bustling world. One cannot lie in bed and think the same sort of thoughts that one has when meeting with people and hearing scores of opinions and being inspired by the many sympathies which come of contact with others. When one has a heavy burden to bear the weariness of it makes us forget the burdens that others feel, the weariness that overpowers others. One often hears people complain that they have the worst toothache that ever was, the worst toothache that ever was. People no doubt imagine that what they have got is just a little bit worse than anyone else ever had. That sort of feeling makes people narrow and selfish and cross. Perhaps, after a while, suffering may refine and purify, but it takes a long heating in the crucible to have that effect. When a big, strong man gets laid out he forgets the mercy of health which had been vouchsafed to him for a score and a half of years, and grows restive and impatient. His thoughts, not yet weaned from the busy things, the excitements and exhilarations of the tasks which for the time have to be laid aside, turn upon himself and his affliction and no one is so miserable as the human being who is absorbed by his own consciousness. When a man or a woman takes himself or herself as the chief subject of their thought, they are thinking about mighty little, but that little is enough to make them supremely miserable and to make those about them almost equally miserable. This is just about the shape I am now in.

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Before this reaches you I shall be on the way to the sunny south and I hope among the orange groves and palms of the West Indian Islands to find some weather that will stand still long enough for me to get used to it. I have fought a losing campaign with the villainous varieties of atmospheric phenomena we have had hereabouts for the last couple of months and am taking flight. I am also taking Mr. Si Attica as a traveling companion. He will no doubt exert himself to make the trip pleasant. Mr. Rheumatism is also one of the party and I expect he will sit up nights with me while old Si takes a rest, but as neither of these uninvited companions can stand very much warm weather I hope I shall find opportunity and something more pleasant to write about than my own miseries. During my absence, at least until epistles begin to arrive from the tropics, this page will be in charge of a friend whose experience in journalism, good sense, and general equipment for the task is much ahead of mine. When I went away to the Old Country a year or two ago I promised to write some letters, which did not materialize until I got back. This time I am going to a place where I shall have nothing else to do, and the chances are that I shall be able to attend to my work if my two indefatigable traveling companions will give me a chance. You have been kind enough to forgive many poor things that I have obtruded on your notice, and if what I send you later on is a little bit worse than anything that has gone before, don't mention the fact to anybody, but blame it on old Si. I tell you in confidence I intend to get even with him before I get back. It I can lure him to some uninhabited island I will tie him to a tree and leave him there to starve and think over the mean things he has done to me and other nice people. I shall be quite capable of piling fagots around the old torturer and having a real old-fashioned war dance—join hands and circle to the left and all promenade—while he suffers. It is possible the positions may be reversed. If so I will say no more about it. In the meantime I bid you good bye and hope that the New Year will be able to come in and get down to business just the same as if I were here to give it a start. DON.

Social and Personal.

For the gay portion of Toronto society, the birth of the New Year took place under auspicious and appropriate circumstances. By their ball, which, opening in 1889, was not concluded till a new decade was some hours advanced, Colonel and Mrs. Sweny out did even themselves and established, beyond question, the highest reputation for wise and generous hospitality. If many a toast quaffed to him in flowing bumpers of the king of wines can profit the New Year, then truly in Toronto, at least, he will be prosperous and happy. The brilliant company at Rohallion had most of them probably but little fault to find with the dying year; as a rule, he had not treated them badly, but in the hour of his death they seemed to be all ungrateful and to forget him. It was to his son, 1890, with all his boundless possibilities that alone they drank. It is to be hoped that the son will not avenge any ingratitude to his father. Want of space, and, if the truth must be told, fatigue resulting from the rejoicings of the New Year's birthday, compel me to abbreviate the account of this brilliant event.

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Notwithstanding the fact that the guest list was unusually large the ample accommodations of this handsome and well appointed residence prevented all over-crowding and obviated all the unpleasant consequences of this state of affairs. It goes without saying that nothing which could add to the pleasure of the guests and the success of the occasion was left undone. A perfect dancing floor, excellent music, cosy retreats for "sitters out," a supper perfect in every particular, made the inauguration of the New Year a red-letter event for Colonel and Mrs. Sweny's guests. The ball gowns were universally beautiful and becoming. Mrs. Sweny wore a white-striped silk, pearl and diamond ornaments; Miss Merrick Bankes, white satin with Roman embroidery and pearl trimming, diamond ornaments; Mrs. W. M. Macpherson of Quebec, cinnamon brown brocade and *crepe du chine* with gold embroidery; Miss Marjorie Campbell, white tulle and diamonds; Mrs. Henderson, maroon and pink brocade with pearl passementerie; Mrs. S. Nordheimer, white satin, elegantly trimmed with white lace, diamond ornaments; Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, black tulle and green, pearl ornaments; Mrs. Gamble Geddes, white satin and pearl trimmings; Miss Langmuir, white satin and moire; Miss McInnis, pale green India silk and tulle; Mrs. O'Reilly, white trimmed with rowan berries; Miss Yarker, blue *crepe du chine;* Miss Maud Yarker, white *crepe du chine;* Mrs. Boulton, lemon silk; Mrs. Dawson, black moire; Mrs. James Crowther, delicate blue faille and brocade, diamond ornaments.

*

Each year hostesses report that their callers on New Year's day have become fewer and beautifully less. It is certain that in a very few years' time the custom of New Year's day calling in its good old-fashioned form will be altogether died. Examples are still to be found of the enthusiast, who starting at eleven a.m., waits on his friends and acquaintances before the latter, perhaps, have finished breakfast, and who, by driving furiously, is able, at six p.m., to boast that he has made one hundred and fifty calls, but the race is nearly extinct. The truth is that in the good old times Toronto was a small place, and it was quite possible for a society man to visit all his friends in the course of one day. But nowadays *nous avons change tout cela*; society is too large and the distances which separate the residences of its various members too great to make such universal calling at all feasible. The common and sensible custom last Wednesday seemed to be that of calling only at Government house, and at the half-a dozen houses or so of one's most intimate friends. Both callers and callees seem to approve this plan, whereby visits are not restricted to two minutes and a hurried departure.

*

It was with great regret that society at large learned of the painful accident which had befallen one of its most popular leaders. At this time of year especially such a one can ill be spared, and news of Mrs. Albert Nordheimer's complete recovery is eagerly awaited.

*

Mr. Edward Borthwick and Mr. Sampson of London, England, were among the visitors from the other side of the Atlantic who spent Christmas in town.

*

Sir Richard Cartwright of Kingston was in town this week.

*

On Thursday of last week, Colonel and Mrs. Sweny gave a dance, which, though it was held chiefly for the juniors, those who, for a year or two, will not "come out," yet it included a small number of such ladies and gentlemen as have already made their *debut*. To the younger guests the evening was a rare foretaste of future joys, while the elders wished that the season was more prolific of such events, and looked forward to a prolongation of their pleasures on the following Tuesday.

*

On the evening of New Year's day, everybody, who had not guests of their own to receive, dined out. The *personnel* of some of these dinner-parties is held over till next week.

*

Mr. and Mrs. George Sinclair of San Francisco, Cal., spent Christmas with friends in Jarvis street. Mr. and Mr. Sinclair were in Toronto two years ago when first out from England on their bridal tour, and at that time made many friends here. Mr. Sinclair will sail next week for a short trip to England, and Mrs. Sinclair will reside in Canada during his absence.

*

On the afternoon of Christmas day, there were numerous five o'clock teas. The day is very suitable for such events for nobody has anything special to do, and it is easy enough for a hostess to secure plenty of men. Mrs. Hodgins of Bloor street has always been renowned for her management of such events, and her At Home on Christmas day sustained her reputation. Mrs. Hodgins' guests were not numerous, but they were sufficient to prevent any appearance of emptiness in the pretty old-fashioned house. The Misses Peters of Church street also gave a charming At Home on the same afternoon. These ladies' house is not large and they had perhaps overfilled it a trifle. There was some excellent music, especially two solos by a fair flutist, which could not be entirely marred even by the efforts of chatterers in adjoining rooms. A third small, but successful tea, was that of Mrs. John Boulton of Grange road. Mrs. Boulton is a hostess and constant entertainer of too long standing to leave any doubt of her knowledge of the art of hospitality.

*

Mr. and Mrs McRae of Ottawa were among the family party who were staying with Mrs. Matthew Vankoughnet during Christmas week.

*

The much reported *La Grippe* is an eminently fashionable complaint, and although it has not apparently reached us as yet, for a week past at dances, dinners, and At Homes, I have been informed by people, whose looks belie them, that they "are sure they feel it coming on." If we are to have it let us hope that Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will be spared, even though their audiences are thinned by its ravages.

*

Mr. Heriot Small of Victoria, B.C., is staying with Mrs. Small on Murray street. An old resident of Toronto, it is long since Mr. Small has visited his native place.

*

Mr. Campbell of New York, Sir Alexander Campbell's son, has been staying at Government House.

*

Hon. George Graves of Berkeley square, London, England, was in town last week, and lamented that a Christmas in Toronto should be milder even than those of London.

*

Miss Campbell of the Queen's Park has returned to town from England. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell are not expected home before the spring.

*

Colonel Tisdale, M.P., Simcoe, was in town this week.

*

Despite the rain on New Year's day, a large number of prominent citizens presented themselves at the Government House reception in the afternoon. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and the Hon. Mr. Mowat received callers in the southern drawing-room, and were kept busy during the reception hours. The list of callers is much too long for my limited space, and, besides, has already been published by the daily papers.

*

Mayor and Mrs. Clarke received their friends at the City Hall from three to five. A large number of callers wished the Mayor and Mrs. Clarke a Happy New Year, and among them was Ald. McMillan, Mr. Clarke's opponent in the coming election.

*

A public reception was also held by Archbishop Walsh at St. Michael's Palace. His Grace was assisted by Bishop O'Mahoney, Very Rev. Father Laurent, Very Rev. Father Rooney, Rev. Father Morris, Rev. Father McGilbbons and Rev. Father McBride. Many of Toronto's best known citizens were among the callers.

*

The reception of the Y. M. C. A. was largely attended. A musical programme was rendered and an excellent address delivered by Hon. G. W. Ross.

*

Sir David and Lady Macpherson entertained a party of twenty-six at dinner on New Year's night.

*

Mrs. Hoskins of The Dale gave a dinner party on Friday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Macpherson of Quebec.

*

Miss Constance Jarvis, who has been seriously ill for the past four or five weeks, is now considerably better and in quite a fair way to recovery. Her many friends will be glad to welcome her among them again.

*

On the last day of the old year, the immediate relatives of Miss Manning and Mr. Hume Blake assembled to witness their marriage, at the residence of the bride's father, Queen's Park. Standing before the large window of the spacious drawing-room, against a back ground of ferns and palms, they said the solemn words which united them forever—the ceremony being performed by Rev. Mr. Wrong of Wycliffe College. Miss Fanny Small and Mr. K. Moffat attended the bride and groom.

*

The bride's gown was a moire and satin stripe, with full court train and Greek shoulder drapery. In the front were set two full panels of exquisitely-wrought silver and floss embroidery on crepe lisse. The bodice garniture was also of the embroidery, and the veil was fastened with a wreath of orange blossoms and lily of the valley. Miss Small wore a dainty grey frock with pink trimmings. The small

(Continued on page Eleven.)

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All the Year Round Lancers—Nellie S. Smith..... 50c
Toreador Waltz—T. P. Ro le..... 50c
When the Lights are Low Waltz—Theo. Bonheur..... 60c

New Songs

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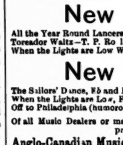

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TRY THEM

Fashion Chatter.

DEAR MOLLIE,—Were you ever in a small boat, tossing about on a stormy lake? Did you ever grow interested in the conversation, or the music which floated to you, and forget all about everything commonplace for a while? And then did you ever suddenly realize that the water had calmed, while it was out of your thoughts?

Well, my dear, I feel like that. The holidays are almost over. The "general gush of violent family affection" has been quieted down, to remain still for another twelvemonth, and we had forgotten that things were above the normal. Fashion and all the trivialities of her realm will be once more paid attention to.

A new method of dressing raw oysters, and one which is said to be quite a favorite with New Yorkers, is this: Instead of sprinkling the oyster with pepper and salt, or drenching it with vinegar, or smothering it in catsup, it is covered with sugar, a few drops of lemon juice are added and it is ready to eat. Any one who likes sugar would, I think, approve of this new and somewhat fanciful manner of preparing the dainty bivalve.

A pretty scrap-basket is made of Japanese fans. If you make anything of goods from Japan it is fashionable, so my basket shall be dainty and *a la mode* too

Four fans are required—long-handled ones. They are so tied as to form a stand; then the sides of the fans are held together with gay-colored ribbons to fashion the basket itself.

Dainty little candlesticks are of bisque, and represent uniquely dressed maidens and lads, who bear aloft the socket for the candle. With a prettily-made shade, the little folks look extremely well.

Some one has wondered why it was that in the Elizabethan style of dress, the front of the gown was low-cut, and comparatively thin, while heavy folds of material formed the back, a cloak hung upon the shoulders, and a high ruff covered the neck. Then a bright thought came, and in an ecstasy the exclamation was made—fireplaces!

Of course—fireplaces. Good Queen Bess could sit before the open fire and finger a screen to spare her complexion the burning attentions of the flames, while her shoulders were not the scene of a game of tag among quickly-moving little shivers. All honor to the sensible fashion—but leave out the ruff.

Some of the newest Paris stuffs are called tapestry brocades. There seems to be bitter strife between the gauzy effects in dress goods and the rich brocades which stand alone and look so regal.

People differ in appearance, and it seems as if both may hold sway.

My idea is that dresses should suit characters and personalities. It is sad to see a little morsel of a woman in a wondrously dignified gown of heavy rich silk, with an air of stiffness and primness resting heavily upon each detail of her costume. And as much do I dislike to see a tall, ponderous woman "done up" in billows of tulle, with a simple daisy in her bodice, mocking her little matronly airs and appearance.

Oh the unfitness—the awful unfitness of—lots of things!

When I find a woman who does not like lace—real lace, I look at her suspiciously and—feel pharisaical. I long to voice my thankfulness that I am not like her.

Lace combines in an attractive form many qualities of the beautiful. It is delicate in its construction, intricate in its design and wondrously mysterious in its execution. It falls with artistic ease into the most bewitching folds. It is beautiful beyond all other toilet accessories, and it is, too—expensive. Some say it is folly to have a liking for beautiful things which are unattainable through their costliness, but that is utter nonsense.

It's quite right not to want them—if you can't get them; but go on admiring them, anyway.

In Paris, a couple of weeks ago, the whole of fashiondom turned out in new and becoming costumes to skate. But the ice only lasted three days. The new coats, however, were properly aired before an admiring public, and this is what came of it: "The Russian pelisse was the most fashionable garment of the hour. It is often long, thick and heavy—invariably beaver-trimmed, with very heavy linings and a storm-collar. A toque to match is worn. Paris was wrapped in furs, and looked like St. Petersburg for a couple of days."

Then the sly Jack Frost flitted away, and the gay meetings at the Circle des Patineurs were over.

Some very handsome handkerchief sachets were shown me a few days ago.

They were fashioned of satin in creamy white, lined with quilted satin, and filled liberally with fluffy batting. The ornamentation was, in one case, a cluster of pansies, dark purple and lavender tinged; in the other a spray of wild roses in their pretty pink tints. A delicate odor of violets clung to the pansy one, and white roses were wafted from the other.

Your sincere friend,
CLIP CAREW.

Church Talks.

Sunday morning I awakened to the drip, drizzle, drop, splash, which has become so familiar in this season of rainfall. Other mornings the rain is almost a matter of course, but this was Sunday and I do dislike a rainy Sunday. It's so provoking to get one's church gloves besprinkled and to drabble the skirt of one's most presentable dress.

The Northern Congregational Church was the one which I meant to attend this dismal morning, and I took my way to it in a heavy downfall of rain. It was a very gray day. The rain pattered on my umbrella, the mud splashed up on my rubbers, and the cold dark cheerlessness of the December morning was striving to chase away from me even the little brightness I try to hold in my heart.

Entering the warm church I was greeted by a blaze of mellow gaslight.

I was charmed.

The interior of the roomy well-furnished house of worship, its warm crimson upholstery and hangings, its pleasantly-courteous ushers and its music-laden air—so great a contrast to the depressing half-wintry greyness outside—seemed to me just then all that was bright, beautiful, home-like and holy.

The congregation was scattered. Too many of us, without doubt, dedicate the rainy Sundays to the god of laziness. I was particularly struck by the fact that the young men and young girls were in the majority. It did look as if the fathers and mothers had sent the children to fill the pew, and keep up the family reputation for good average attendance.

One old lady had, however, braved the rainstorm. She and I were the only occupants of a long center pew. Upon her entering, during the singing of the first hymn, a young man directly in front handed her a book.

She refused it, and the explanation accompanying the words of thanks, was strangely pathetic: "I cannot see." Not blind, but dim sighted from age. I bent my eyes upon the book and felt a thrill of thankfulness as I read with perfect ease the smallest type on the page. Instead of the next verse I pondered the words of Charles Lever: "Oh, how little, how very little to us are the accustomed blessings of life, and how dear to us are they when some change has robbed us of them."

One lesson was read in Job, one in the Gospel of John.

Rev. John Burton's reading is characterized by an easy and perfectly distinct enunciation, which, added to a careful inflection renders his delivery exceedingly pleasing. In a grave, decided manner he gave his thoughts concerning the chosen text.

There was a quaint forcefulness and decision in his sermon. It was not brilliant persuasion, nor impressive eloquence, but sound teaching clothed in solemn words.

The organ pipes form a semi-circle in the center of the top, following the lower outline of a round window of stained glass which is directly behind them. This unique arrangement was pleasing to the eye in color and construction, forming one of the prettiest gazing centers which I have yet seen in a Toronto church.

The music—well, part of it was good. The anthem I liked; but the congregational singing was simply horrible. The people did not seem to know the chant, and consonants were chasing one another from pew to pew. The last tune was too high pitched. Some few made a frantic effort to suit voice and notes, then gave up, and like Will Carlton's Deacon Tubbs—"looked completely beat."

The service, barely an hour in length, was closed by a benediction, and, reaching for my umbrella, I hurried out.

The rain had ceased. The air felt fresh.

The world looked brighter and I felt better for the simple service in the cosy gas-lit church.

ETELKA.

Celia's Home Coming.

Maiden, knit your skirts, and go
Down the stormy garden ways;
Pluck the last sweet pinks that blow,
Gather roses, gather bays,
Since our Celia comes to-day,
That has been so long away.

Crowd her chamber with your sweets:
Not a flower but strews her feet!
Make her bed with linen sheets
That have lain in lavender;
Light a fire before she comes
Lest she find us chill at home.

Ah, what joy when Celia stands
By the leaping blaze at last,
Stooping down to warm her hands
All benumbed with the wild blast,
While we hide her cloak away
To assure us she shall stay.

Cider bring, and cowslip wine,
Fruit and fl vers from the East,
Pears and pippins, too, and fine
Saffron loaves to make a feast:
China dishes, silver cups,
For the board where Celia sups.

Then, when all the feasting's done,
We shall draw us round the blaze,
Laugh and tell us every one
Of her fair, triumphant days:
Celia, out of doors a star,
By the hearth, a holier Lar!

A. MARY F. ROBINSON in *Argonaut*.

Gave Himself Away.

Boarding mistress (after watching a boarder eat three sausages with great celerity)—You must be an Odd Fellow, sir!

Boarder—You've guessed it; but how did you know?

Mistress—I knew you must be by the familiar way in which you handled those three links. —*Lowell Citizen.*

The Editor's Elixir.

A country editor lay in an unconscious condition, and for some time it was feared that he was dead.

"Can's you rouse him, doctor?" was anxiously asked.

"No," the physician replied, "I fear that life is extinct."

Then the editor's assistant bent over and whispered in his ear: "A gentleman wants to put an advertisement in the paper."

Immediately the unconscious man's face showed signs of returning life, and, struggling to a sitting position, he said, feebly: "How many lines?"

That's What He Said.

"Did you ask papa?"
"Yes."
"What did he say?"
"Oh, not much."
"Well, what did he say?"
"Oh! Not much!"—*Munsey's Weekly.*

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Afternoon Receptions.

The distinguishing difference between morning (or business) and afternoon dress lies mainly in the delicacy of the accompaniments to the garments worn rather than in any radical difference in the clothes themselves a matter of taste does in the afternoon. A lady not so many years ago wrote that she found to her surprise that the most expensive clothes, the most absolute compliance with the cut and shape in vogue, was not enough when she began to go into Washington society. There must be added style! And herein lies the difference between the man of taste and the man who conventionally follows merely the prevailing novelties. The man of taste will go home after bank hours, and in preparing himself for an afternoon reception will change his clothes from boots to hat. He will put on this season's pantaloons shading on a dark steel or stone color. The coat must be of dark cloth, the plain rough Saxony or Vicuna cloth, or one of the new wide wale diagonals, a cutaway with three or four buttons cut rather low, in the neck with vest cut as low, allowing ample space for the knot of a four-in-hand scarf. The overcoat should be of dark material, matching as near as possible the under cutaway coat. It may be worn with a facing according to the fancy of the wearer. The fashionable West End Tailor having just received an excellent consignment of these goods would invite your early inspection. Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

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75c., 90c. and $1.25 buys one-half doz. Handkerchiefs in handsome boxes.
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" 7 Crown Figs
" Crystalised Figs
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THE PRIEST'S BRIDGE.

A Legend of Mexico.

By Y. H. Addis.

There can be little doubt that the holiest priest, the saintliest man, who ever lived in Mexico, was Juan de Nava. Indeed, it would be hard to find, in any clime or generation, under whatsoever conditions, a soul of greater purity and self-abnegation, a creature in whom the flesh and its concomitant evils and vanities were more completely subjugated by the domination of a serene and lofty spirit.

Juan de Nava was a man of gentle birth and breeding; his right to the title of Don was absolute and a heritage, not casual nor honorary. He had been reared in affluence, with every advantage of environment and culture existent in his day; and he had some years attained his majority when he embraced the priestly calling. He entered the clergy with calmness, deliberation and system, as he was wont to apply these traits to every act and situation; and none ever knew what, if any, misgivings had him—whether strong religious convictions and irresistible spiritual promptings, or the residual bitterness of some worldly distress or disappointment. The fact remained, that he turned aside over all his worldly goods to the guild of his election when he was gowned in Salamanca, and devoted his life to the comfortings of souls and the doing of charities. Simple, unassuming, retiring as he was, his fame spread apace, and for one of his numerous deeds of generous heroism he was decorated by the king with the Cross of Calatreva.

It was shortly after this that the whole city was unaffectedly heart-stricken by the news that the beloved priest had solicited, and after much protest and remonstrance, had obtained, from his ecclesiastical superiors, permission to go across the seas to the capital of New Spain. There was inevitably much conjecture as to the object or motive of such a departure. Some maintained that the priest, by nature modest, retiring, and self-depreciative, was shocked and abashed by the publicity and honors that had been heaped upon him of late. Others, of the more romantic faction, asserted that he fled to Mexico to escape contact with one who had been chiefly concerned in his renunciation of the world and entrance to the priesthood. Still others, practical souls, expressed their belief that the good father was actuated solely by churchly zeal; and surely this opinion seemed to be justified by the existing conditions. The conquered Mexicans were neglected and abused, body and soul, by their conquerors, who looked upon them as so many chattels for profitable service. Moreover, from the clerical standpoint, an assignment to Mexico was looked upon as about the most undesirable of benefices, indeed, tantamount to an exile—a penalty. So that here, if ever there was a vale of sorrows, was a field of promise for missionary labor.

Juan de Nava crossed the ocean, and was lost to those who had known him, save when from time to time came back reports of his saintly life and zealous ministrations.

Soon Mexico came to pass that this man was regarded as almost more than human. So holy was his life that all the prelates in Mexico, clergy, canons and officers of the inquisition, all the magnates confessed to him, and what slight curb was put upon their license was the result of his admonition. But with the natives his influence ceased. Juan de Nava's relations with the class which comprised his social equals. He lived with and for the poor and lowly, and of such among them. As his worldly goods had accrued to the church with his taking of orders, so he bestowed upon his wretched charges whatever reverted to him of fees or tithings, and very often he found himself without a penny toward provision for the morrow; and then this man, who had been the heir of royalty, turned his steps to the dwelling of some citizen, and asked for food like any mendicant, in all simplicity.

It was in great measure this poverty that determined his place of abode. The Spanish conquerors, having razed the Aztec city, filling up the canals with its debris, had marked out for themselves a district, outlined by a deep cutting called La Traza, which was spanned by a few bridges leading to the outlying quarters where dwelt the Indian population, who, for fear of treachery or insurrection, were forbidden to remain within La Traza after certain hours of the evening. The good priest Juan de Nava lived beyond the Traza, among the Indians, who were his chief interest; this partly for the sake of the influence to be maintained by constant association, and partly because of his extreme poverty, which precluded his dwelling within the city. The passage of the bridge was open to him at all hours, and he came and went at midnight fearlessly, as he moved through the most disreputable and dangerous quarters of the city, which had by this time come to have a quite unenviable reputation. The lowest and most vicious of the people bent before him, and ran to kiss his hand as he passed among them, full of reverence for this spirit that shrank not from their most dreadful or revolting features.

And, save the light of his own charities and heroisms, there was no brightness in the life of Juan de Nava, till the day that Beatriz de Millan came to him. He stood in a miry street, admonishing with gentle severity an Indian who had been beating his donkey, when the child approached, a slender, delicate creature, and timidly asked an alms. The priest looked long in her face, as he questioned her. The story she told, if sad enough, was simple. She had lived in a great city, different from this, and less ugly. She had come in a great ship, her mother had died on the water. Her father had been with her for a time here in Mexico, but one day he had gone away, and she had not been able to find him. Juan de Nava took the child by the hand, and led her to where simple, wholesome food was set before her, and when she had satisfied her bitter hunger, he took her across the Traza, to his own poor home, that should be hers thereafter.

There was somewhat of a change came into his life from this day. He spared himself no more than of old, but he varied his labors. He returned to his home at such hours as were most suitable for the benefit of others, and the training he gave to Beatriz was deep and thorough. And the hours of instruction concluded, Juan de Nava again took his steps back to the teeming streets, overcrowded with a population of the most miserable of God's creatures, among whom he laboured often until long past midnight. As may be surmised, his adopted daughter grew toward womanhood, the good priest could but perceive that he must not tower at home, alone and unprotected. Therefore, he increased his household by the addition of an aged woman, the mother of one of his confreres, who was but too happy to encounter such a refuge, and lend to Beatriz de Millan the protection of her presence.

The priest's adopted daughter grew up a noble woman. Not a lady of the Spanish court could compare with her in beauty, yet she was modest and retiring as any mountain violet, as if she had lived in a world apart from that city of feverish loves and hates, ambitions, intrigues, and gallantries. She was more learned than most men, in the Spanish language, science, yet skilled in all womanly knowledge. The nuns of a convent, where Juan de Nava was confessor, had taught her the cunning of their broideries and all manner of handiwork; and the simple fare and the ascetic care-taking of Juan de Nava's household was all the work of the maiden.

Withal, she was devout and pious. Her guardian had taught her that, while good works are of greater import than all the forms of observance, somewhat of the daily doing of offices is needful, if but for the sake of example. Therefore, she rose betimes, and went to hear early mass. She had long knelt at the altar of one of the minor churches, near the dwelling of her guardian; but the suburb grew disordered, and more than once unseemly, drunken brawls had been brewed at the very door of the temple. Therefore, Juan de Nava bade his ward go rather to San Hipolito, somewhat farther within the city.

And there it was that Beatriz was first seen of Domingo Sarraza, "the religious" as the viceroy called him, in converse with the *oidor* Amasa. He was of noble birth, this *caballero*, this young gallant of the first water, and wealthy as he was handsome. He spent his money in torrents, on every caprice, on every extravagance of luxury and ostentation. He was the most gorgeous paraphernalia of the annual festivals of *El Pendon*, and to say this implies, indeed, much. On these occasions, on the 13th of August, every year, the day of San Hipolito, *El Pendon*—the standard of Cortez—was carried in triumph, escorted by a great cavalcade of Spaniards, from the Palacio Municipal to the Church of San Hipolito, in commemoration of the fact that on this date Cortez achieved the final capture of the Aztec city. And to shine preeminent in these processions was the ambition of every young Spaniard in Mexico, and each tried to outvie all others in the sumptuousness of his appointments. But, year after year, notwithstanding the efforts of his competitors, the palm for elegance and costliness fell to the share of Domingo Sarraza.

But not all his lavish expenditure nor his affectations of jovial good-fellowship could make the young man popular. It was not alone that he was a scoundrel of gross vices. That might have been overlooked, for the tastes of the day were not squeamish, and a reputation for gallantries and rakishness was then as now deemed a feather in the cap of a man, rather than otherwise. There were Don de Fajardo, and Luis del Rio, Antonio Mendez Torres, and a score of others, the idols of the city, notwithstanding—perhaps, indeed, because of—their wild loots and excesses. But Sarraza was not of them. There was a malignancy in his vices that repelled the others, happy-go-lucky people, actuated solely by and they shrank from his companionship. He got a good many disdainful names, too, from them—"the friars," "the pious ones" and divers such pseudonyms, in consequence of his hypocritical zeal in churchly matters. In former days, his blasphemies had been so rank and blatant that it was thought probable that he should expiate them in the *hoguera*, the burning-place of the Inquisition, in front of San Diego, where now run the lady walks of the pleasant Alameda. Such a menace from the holy office might well intimidate the bravest man in those days, and Domingo Sarraza was no hero. He hastened to feign a serious frame of mind, to pretend conversion and repentance, and to perform all the churchly offices, to avert the realization of the minister prophecy. By day and by night he wore a cross on his bosom, and, as regularly as the sun rolled around, he attended mass like any devotee. It was this spurious piety, perhaps, that was most distasteful to those who should have been his companions. It was not, it was not altogether cowardice that kept him in the path he followed, although this had been the original impelling motive. It was at church that the dames and ladies of quality assembled most freely, and in church or on the way thence or thither that they were most easy of access for the exchange of a few words of gallantry or the tendering of a tentative missive. By no means the fewest of Domingo Sarraza's adventures had taken place in church, and then his new mode of life, and he grew, if such a thing were possible, daily more and more corrupt and evil, in view of the immunity he enjoyed, protected by his cloak of pious seeming.

Thus it was that when he saw Beatriz de Millan first at his accustomed place, devoid of prey, he lost no time in following the beautiful girl, in whose garb he recognized the stamp of obscurity and poverty. He the while was what abashed or startled when his quarry entered the abode of Juan de Nava. But his dismay was only momentary, and he found an occasion to speak to the object of despoiling and defiling the hearth of the saintliest man in Mexico. From that day, Sarraza lived only for the conquest of Beatriz de Millan. It seemed to him, in the first instance, that the undertaking would be an easy one, in view of the youth of the girl, her extreme poverty, that argued vanity and facile inclination, beside the advanced age of her only protector, and her exposed situation in general.

But he had reasoned in ignorance of the character of the maiden. Good blood and noble coursed in the veins of Beatriz de Millan, and blood will tell. Grace and will of the quality of man. Moreover, she had not grown up under the fostering care of Juan de Nava without absorbing some of the stern and lofty integrity that characterized the man. Domingo Sarraza tried, in turn, each of the specious arts by which the souls of his prey seeks to possess himself of his victim, and he found each line of procedure equally ineffective. If Beatriz had raged, protested, shown indignation even, he would have could pled, and in such demonstration satisfaction, as indicative of possible alteration of sentiment in the future. But she met his advances, if she arrived from her serene indifference, slightly tinged with repulsion, like the impersonal distaste felt for some loathsome creature, quite apart from her sphere of being. But this was the attitude, above all others, most calculated to sting Sarraza to frenzy, and stir in his heart a score of the devil's passions, that seethed and strained like a knot of intercoiled, writhing reptiles.

Recognizing in Beatriz the strength of her adopted father's teachings, he grew to include the priest in the rancor he felt against the maiden—a rancor that grew to deadly enomous hatred. But Juan de Nava, when he learned of the young debauchee's persecution, had taken care to surround Beatriz with more adequate safeguards than those of former days, that no foe might come near, to bring upon her unmerited calamity. But if the old man dreamed that he had thwarted the plots of Sarraza's vengeance, he took no measures to protect himself from violence, but went and came at all hours, wherever called in pure aid, hope or consolation to suffering humanity.

Thus it happened that he one night neared the bridge across the Traza, as the bells of the city towers sounded midnight, and saw, without apprehension, in the shadow, the indistinct shape of a man who leaned on the parapet. Juan de Nava drew near and laid his hand upon the stepping of age, and the man in the shadow, sinisterly muffled, moved forward to the footpath, seemingly to await the other.

The priest was accustomed to be hailed at all hours and in all places, in behalf of the dying or the distressed, paused and spoke to the silent figure: "Thy soul is troubled by what thou, son. Can I do aught to serve thee?"

"Ay!" Domingo Sarraza answered; "thou canst do a thing that will bring hypocritic scruples where thou will interfere no more with the satisfaction of thy fellows, and the delights of youth and warm blood." He said that he raised his arm and struck down swiftly, and there was a horrible sound of grating, as there crashed through bone and brain the point of his dagger, driven home so deeply that all the force of Sarraza could not withdraw it.

The old man fell like a log at the feet of his assassin.

Domingo Sarraza made a great effort to detach the dagger, and finding it futile, gathered in his arms the body, so little of a weight in its attenuation, and hurled it over the parapet into the canal beneath.

At home, Beatriz de Millan waited for her adopted father, who returned to her never again.

Never had Mexico been so excited and shaken as over the mysterious disappearance of Juan de Nava. There was no system of police, save the body of *serenos*—the night-watchman—who were a shade worse than nothing, since they were charged of interfering in the nefarious transactions of night-birds, whereas their lanterns often served as auxiliaries to evil-doers. The volunteer searchers turned up many ordeds, and scoured every quarter where it was imagined the old man might have fallen alone, in a fit of sudden illness. For it never even remotely imagined that foul play could have touched him, beloved as he was by all, and known to all the city. But the waters of the canal were silent, and the echoes of the bridge, and Domingo Sarraza, too, knew how to keep his guilty secret.

Thus the matter passed among the unfathomable mysteries. Beatriz de Millan, ever mourning over the unknown fate of the missed man, and left quite alone in the world, took the veil at Santa Teresa, though more than one home was open to her, for her own sake and the sake of Juan de Nava.

Years passed. The memory of the priest had become a sort of legend of holiness, and his adopted daughter was forgotten. Dominzo Sarraza lived, still kept his youthful vigorous, and still continued to enact the anchorite in the churches—and the devil elsewhere. As of old, he was wont to seek new prey before the altar, and in the Sagrario, adjoining the cathedral, he saw, one morning, a woman who awoke in him the instinct of pursuit and conquest more strongly than he had felt it for years past.

He saw not her face, for she was closely veiled; but the charming grace of her movements and the elegance of her figure gave for Domingo Sarraza the assurance of great beauty. He was flattered, too, by the continually veil which she cast upon him stolen glances that burned through the lace of her veiling, and the mystery of this behavior heightened the charm of her. He followed her out of the church, across the plaza, through the teeming streets, and before he knew his bearings, he found himself upon the bridge across the Traza, where he had not set foot since the death of Juan de Nava.

The woman paused before him, and let him approach her.

"I dare not linger now," she murmured, "there are people coming, and I am in danger. I will meet you here at midnight. Then they are safe when the bridge is deserted." And she glided on like a moving shadow, and was lost to the sight of Sarraza.

The man was filled with misgiving and terrors, but he was also bewitched by the nameless charm of the unknown woman. Thus it happened that he found himself, that albeit, indeed, against his own volition, to keep the tryst upon the bridge at midnight.

The clocks were striking the hour as he reached the spot, for he had dallied, hoping that the lady might be before him; but the bridge was empty. The violence of the passion he had conceived for the mysterious woman held Sarraza spellbound, and he found a score of reasons to excuse her tardiness. Her rich but sober habit, which was almost the garb of mourning, had made him suspect that she might be a widow, whose social position would constrain her to extreme precautions against the discovery of her levity. Again, he fancied her a married woman, and the inconvenient, unsuspected presence of her husband might account for her detention. But there was no resource but waiting, for Sarraza was madly impassioned of this last victim of his fascination.

He leaned on the parapet of the bridge and looked down into the water. The ferns and water-plants dim by distance, and shadowed from the bridge in the ghostly moonlight, lent a more than common gloom to the sombre canal and its sluggish, heavy water, that already, at that day, served as a vehicle for the refuse of the quarter. The surface of the water and the depth of the cutting were full of sinister shadows and weird reflections.

As Domingo Sarraza gazed downward, it seemed to him that there arose from under the water a low, plaintive sound, like a wail, and clamor. His soul beat and throbbed in horrified revolt against its bodily habitation, and his body ached and shivered under the resistance of its tenant. His limbs trembled with faintness, his blood ceased flowing, his eyes were filled to bursting. A cold wind swept over him, he inhaled a sickening odor of dank mould and decay, a grasp as of bands or fingers of steel closed around his pulsing throat, the very trunks of black bottom trees turned into great cry, that was answered by an infernal laugh of mockery, Domingo Sarraza reeled and fell on the causeway lifeless.

Some Indian huckesters, wending their way to the city market, stumbled over the body lying there, in the early morning, and fleeing affrighted, gave notice. The patrol was ordered out.

Stark and livid lay the corpse of Sarraza, and across it lay water-soaked rushes, and there was a skeleton, whose fleshless fingers were fastened on the throat of the dead man in a grip so firm that they could not be loosened. From the skull of that grisly horror projected the handle of an old and rusty dagger, firmly imbedded, that bore the name and arms of Domingo Sarraza, and wrapped about its waist was a rosary, on whose crucifix was dimly deciphered "Juan de Nava."

The canals are leveled full with the surrounding country, but this spot where two men met with violent deaths is still known as *Puente del Clerigo*—The Priest's Bridge.

The Bond That Binds.

The birth of every child is the birth of a new mystery. It is a pathetic thing, the birth of a new soul—a new life into the world. The birth is the starting point of a long journey—how long, in the little light we have, we have no skill to measure. It is the inauguration of a span of love; it heralds tears. It is a promise of joy; it is a prophecy of pain. With the maiden's first conscious throb, the new heart is set to beating. It marks the starting point of a journey, the character of which no one can know. The way of it may soon be hidden by a grave; or it may long, as men count time, among the years, with the good and ill which the years bring—their peace and their never-failing cares. Be it short or long or short in mortal sight, the cradle and the grave keep the company of our love; and so in every life there is the shadow of a separation a little later on. Meanwhile we have the blessing of love's strength and peace. The mother clasps the young child to her breast and feels herself a god of power. Her love shall shield it from all the besetments of the world, and it shall follow that love as a guiding star. So the babe, limp and helpless, is an inspiration; an architect of proud resolves; a builder of wonderful air castles; a painter of dream pictures of infinite expression. Possibly it is true that the children come from the unseen world of glory, as they go thence when their shrouds are made. Certainly, if the children passed to come, the world is made old and haggard and cold and cruel soon, and there would be no power to keep in play the delicate, tender imagery of our hearts. And yet there there is revival—the birth again. The mother's love is the lens through which some glimpse is caught of the love of the Father. At the cradle it is born into the heart and at the grave is rooted the hope of the blessed reunion. Out of the unseen the life is born, tarrying and going out again into the unseen. There is wonderful pathos in a birth, for in that moment is encompassed all life—the mortal and the immortal. At that moment a thread is tied from out the eternity of time. Whether the strand be strong or weak we cannot know, and whether the way of the child shall be in sunny lands or most in storm we cannot tell—we can only hope. Certain we may be that temptations will come upon it; will it be strong as against temptation? Certain we may be that trouble will come to it as an angry wave of the sea; will it be strong as a rock then? Will the life expand or contract? Will it add to the beauty and good of the world, or be a recruit to the ill concurse? Blessed it is that love is so the master of doubt, and that love and hope are so strong together. For with these as helpers, the mother sees her pictures over the cradle, and with these as helpers she beats back the shadows from the young life. What of ill fortune that has happened before is not to have recurrence in the life of this child; and the child grows. Yet some way or other the world of mortal life repeats itself over and over. If the mother's hopes go out, they go just when she does not know, and in their stead have been born other hopes, and thus from out of the unseen from whence the child came, is born and born again the sustaining power. The child grows; and with its growth come anxiety and care and responsibility and labor and disappointment—a drifting out into the great world, as a fisherman goes to sea. Yet with that life goes the companion life of the mother, into the depths of misery, through the haunts of crime, up into the high places among men—everywhere—spanning all distance—standing with it even in glory or distance! All love upon the earth is born of this love, and all success, in whatsoever relation of life, is the reflect of the Infinity, the steadfastness, the fortitude, the patient continuing once and forever throughout the ages of the mother's devotion to her child. What men do well they do for love of it; what men do ill or pride were to be blotted out all the wheels of human energy would be hopelessly blocked under a fatal paralysis. Love is the power. The birth is each child, then, is a contribution to the life-giving and life-sustaining energy of the world.

And so we take the little stranger into our arms and give the mother the assurance of our union with her in hope, and do bless them both that they keep the earth in union with the mysteries of divinity.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Courtship in Petertown.

(With apologies to Mr. Howells.)

"Now, you, Bob Simpson!

"What 'm I doing?"

"Oh, you know.

"I don't either."

"Oh, you big story-teller—stop!"

"Stop what?"

"You know, very well."

"No, I don't."

"Oh, Bob Simpson, ain't you 'fraid you'll go to the bad place for telling such awful stories? Stop, now!"

"I ain't doing anything."

"Aw—w—w!"

"I ain't!"

"Where you got your arm?"

"Where I want it."

"You ought to be so asha—a—a—med!"

"Pooh! What of?"

"Oh, you know—now, you take your arm right away."

"I shan't."

"What if I call Paw and Maw?"

"Huh! No danger of that."

"I will, too!"

"Let's hear you."

"Aw! what if somebody should see you with your arm there?"

"Pooh! I wouldn't care."

"I'd be so ash—a—a—amed!"

"Humph! Maybe you'd be ashamed of putting my arm around you if I want to?"

"It ain't nice; and you just shan't, so there!"

"Can't help yourself."

"I'll call Paw."

"You said that once."

"Go 'way, you nine times."

"You dreadful, horrid, horrid! Now, I'll never speak to you again!"—*Puck.*

The Last Sad Blow.

Lynn Saugus (the tramp, who has been begging old shoes with no success at all)—Dummed if that cobbler ain't got th' longest leg-reach I ever felt.—*Judge.*

Ethics of Sleep.

The ethics of good sleep should form a part of household morality. It is hardly an extravagant assertion that, comparatively few people, after childhood has passed, know by experience what perfect sleep is, and satisfy themselves with a poor apology for this most perfect refreshment. Rising tired and weary from a disturbed, imperfect sleep, they proceed to summon up lost energies by strong tea or coffee, which in like manner prevents the body from rest at night; and this process of life, more than mental or physical labor, wears women out and makes them prematurely old.

"I have been reading myself to sleep after retiring," said a lady the other day; "and when I have done this for two or three nights, I am sure that I look five years younger."

It is an experience that any woman can verify, and, conversely, she can see that sleeping in a perfectly dark and well-ventilated room brings back the contour and the roses of childhood or early youth.

Hard to Suit.

Customer (in restaurant)—Waiter, bring me beef and beans on separate plates. Have the beef cut thin and with the grain, with an edging of fat; the beans brown on one side, and not too hot; and a cup of coffee, and don't let the coffee spill into the saucer."

Waiter—All right, sorr. Anything else?

Customer—A glass of water.

Waiter—Yes, sorr; and do yez want the water washed, sorr?

The Only Place Left.

Jones Brown is rich and stingy. An acquaintance of his met Brown's son the other day, and said:

"Your father seems to have lost a good deal of money lately. The last time I saw him he was complaining, and saying he must economize."

"Economize? Did he say where he was going to begin?"

"Yes; on his table, he said."

"Then he must be going to take away the tablecloth," was the filial declaration.

Beauty, Health and Happiness

Are priceless possessions in woman, and they can only be preserved by the use of the most carefully compounded

TOILET AND MEDICAL AGENTS.

Remember that the positive purity, harmlessness and high quality of the ingredients of the

RECAMIER TOILET PREPARATIONS

are guaranteed by distinguished and honorable scientific and medical testimony, based upon searching analysis.

The Recamier Preparations do not contain Arsenic, Lead or Bismuth in any form, as is attested over their own signatures among others by

HENRY A. MOTT, PH. D., LL. D., Member of the London, Paris, Berlin and American Chemical Societies.

THOS. B. STILLMAN, M. SC., PH. D., Professor of Chemistry of the Stevens Institute of Technology.

PETER T. AUSTEN, PH. D., F. C. S., Professor of General and Applied Chemistry, Rutgers College and New Jersey State Scientific School.

And are recommended by women who make the preservation of a good complexion a study.

From Mme. Adelina Patti-Nicolini.

CRAIG-Y-NOS CASTLE, Oct. 13, 1887.

My Dear Mrs. Ayer—There never has been anything equal in merit to the Recamier Preparations; my skin is so improved and improved by their use. I need not dread old age while these magic inventions of yours exist. I use Cream Balm and Lotion every day of my life and could not exist comfortably without them. Recamier Soap is also perfect. I shall never use any other. It far surpasses all toilet soaps. I hear that the Princess of Wales is delighted with the Recamier Preparations. I am convinced your Recamier Preparations are the greatest boon ever invented. I could not comfortably endure a day without them.

ADELINA PATTI-NICOLINI.

What the Recamier Preparations are and why they are to be used.

Recamier Cream, which is first of these world famous preparations, is made from the recipe used by Julie Recamier. It is not a cosmetic, but an emollient to be applied at night just before retiring, and to be removed in the morning by bathing freely. It will remove tan and sunburn, pimples, red spot or blotches, and make your face and hands as smooth, as white and as soft as an infant's.

Recamier Balm is a beautifier, pure and simple. It is not a mere cosmetic, but, when used nightly, Recamier Balm is exceedingly beneficial and is absolutely imperceptible, except in the delicate freshness and youthfulness which it imparts to the skin.

Recamier Lotion will remove freckles and moth patches; is soothing and efficacious for any irritation of the cuticle, and is the most delightful of washes for removing the dust from the face after traveling, and is also invaluable to persons who are sunburned.

Recamier Powder is in three shades, white, flesh and cream. It is the finest powder ever manufactured, is perfectly pure, and is unsurpassed for gentlemen after shaving and for the toilet generally.

Recamier Soap is a perfectly pure article, guaranteed free from animal fat. This soap contains many of the healing ingredients used in compounding Recamier Cream and Lotion.

The Recamier Toilet Preparations are positively free from all poisonous ingredients, and contain neither lead, bismuth, nor arsenic.

40 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, Jan., 1887.

MRS. H. H. AYER:

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OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

All a Mistake.

"I dare say, all my relatives will think it very silly of me," said Miss Maroon. "But I really think I am quite old and experienced enough to manage these affairs for myself. And I've heard of a great many happy marriages that have been arranged just in this way. To be sure, it is running a risk; but, after all, life is a lottery, and one has to take things as they come in this world."

Miss Malvina Maroon (generally known as "Mally" by her friends and acquaintances) was sitting in a very stiff-backed chair, in the best room of the little country tavern at Infield-on-the-Hudson. The stage had been in for an hour, at least, and Miss Maroon was tired of waiting. She had chirped to the thrush in his cage, counted all the little red balls on the Jerusalem cherry tree in the window, and looked at the picture of the Signing of the Declaration of Independence until she knew every buckled shoe by heart, and still nobody had come to meet her. She was beginning to feel a little uneasy at this unexpected delay. The landlord had peeped at her, under pretence of coming to fill up the big stone pitcher with fresh cabbage roses; the landlady had courtesied at the door, and asked her if she should make a little piece of steak or a dish of brook trout for her dinner.

"I don't expect to be here for dinner," said Miss Maroon, with dignity.

"Oh!" said the landlady.

"My friends will doubtless be here to meet me in a very few minutes," explained Miss Maroon, glancing at the clock.

"Ah!" said the landlady.

But this was where Miss Maroon had intrenched somewhat on the strict truth. She had no friends at Infield-on-the-Hudson. She had come there—under our breath be it spoken—with the desperate resolve to answer a matrimonial advertisement. She had seen it in the paper. She had read it twice over, and rather liked the way in which it was worded. She had asked herself, "Why not?" and echo had returned no unfavorable response. And she had, so to speak, taken her fate into her own hands, and come boldly to Infield-on-the-Hudson.

But now, as the moments sped by, she was beginning to wax secretly uneasy. Suppose there should be any mistake? Suppose the advertiser should be "suited" already? Suppose any number of awkward circumstances to have interposed themselves in the way of her welfare? But, just as she was beginning to make herself thoroughly uncomfortable, there came a tap, tap at the door, and in walked a stout, short man with a red necktie and a countenance to match!

"Lady from New York?" said this personage, without the least embarrassment.

Miss Maroon rose with dignity. "Yes, sir," said she.

He was not exactly aristocratic looking. There was no mistake about that. He wore no gloves, and his hands were stumpy and freckled—his hair stuck up like the bristles of the fretful porcupine, and his face, although good-natured, bore in no trace of ancient blood, or lofty lineage! But Miss Maroon bedbloody herself of the old proverb about the deceitfulness of appearances, and plucked up spirit.

"You saw the advertisement, I suppose," said the stout man.

"I did, sir," said Miss Maroon.

"Think you'll suit?" questioned the stout man.

"Sir?" said Miss Maroon.

"Because he's a little peculiar," explained the man; "and it aint everybody meets his views, you see!"

"Oh!" said Miss Maroon, a light breaking in upon her darkness, "then you are not the party himself?"

"Oh, no," said the stout man. "No; I'm the business man! I settle everything for him."

"I should prefer negotiating with principals," said Miss Maroon, drawing herself up.

"It's the usual way we do it," remarked her interlocutor, picking a broom-splint from the floor, and beginning to chew it.

"The usual way?" repeated Miss Maroon, more puzzled than ever. "May I ask how often the—the gentleman has been married before?"

"Never been married in his life," said the stout man. "Circumstances was against it, you see."

"Oh!" said Miss Maroon.

"He ain't hard to manage," said the stout man. "Them as he takes a fancy to can do most anything with him."

Miss Maroon cast down her eyes and simpered at this.

"Did you bring any references?" said the stout man, abruptly.

"References!" echoed Miss Maroon.

"Ever had any experience?" he went on.

"Sir!" said Miss Maroon. "I really don't quite understand—"

"Your age seems quite suitable," said the man. "I calculate you're about forty, ain't you? We couldn't give you many holidays, nor Sundays out, but for a good, reg'lar, steady place——"

"Stop," cried Miss Maroon, "do stop! I don't at all know what you're talking about. Holidays—Sundays out! I'd have you to know that I am no housemaid looking for a place. And as for being forty years old, my appearance must be very deceptive if you take me for anywhere near that age. I am only six-and-thirty."

"Three or four years one way or the other don't make much difference," remarked the stout man with the bristly hair. "Our last was sixty, and she had a pretty tidy notion of her business, too, only—"

Miss Maroon looked surprised.

"I thought I understood you to say that the gentleman had never been married," said she.

"No more he has," said the man. "I aint talking about wives. I'm talking about business."

"What!" cried Miss Maroon.

The stout man looked hard at her for a minute or two; then he plunged his hand deep down into his coat pocket and extracted thence a slip cut from a newspaper.

"I's all writ down here in black and white, plain enough," said he.

"Sir!"

"Here! that isn't the advertisement I saw, at all," said Miss Maroon, growing alternately pale and red in her consternation.

"It was in the *Daily Visitor*," said the stout man, "as we put our notice."

"And it was the *Morning Patriot* that I saw," said Miss Maroon. "A Mr. Delano St. John, of St. Johnsgrove, Infield-on-the-Hudson, who wanted—"

"A wife," said the stout man, with twinkling eyes. "I thought so! I seen his carriage go by half an hour ago, with a pretty little black eyed woman, in cherry-colored ribbons and—"

"And Rob Roy plaid polonaise!" almost screamed Miss Maroon. "And a black parasol lined with scarlet!"

"Some sort of a rig of that description," said the stout man.

"The bold, pert, unfeminine thing!" said Miss Maroon, vehemently fanning herself. "I've seen her, this long time, walking up and down the piazza! She's the very one that came down in the stage with me! And here she has whisked off with the advertising man, and left me all alone and deserted!"

"She's got the clear start of you, it seems," said the stout man, as he rose up and looked around for his hat. "Well, if you don't like the idea of my situation—"

"I decline it, most certainly," said Miss Maroon, precipitately. "Landlady!"

"It would not be such a bad idea," coaxed the stout man, "if—"

"Landlady!" repeated Miss Maroon, more energetically than ever. And the stout man went out, thrusting his hands into his pockets as he did so. The landlady bustled in.

"A carriage, please, to the railway depot, said Miss Maroon.

"Won't you wait for the stage, ma'am?" said the landlady. "It'll be along in half an hour."

"I wouldn't stay here another five minutes for all the gold of Golconda," said Miss Maroon.

So the rickety one horse chaise of the establishment was geared up, and Miss Maroon, shedding secret tears of vexation and disappointment behind her veil, went back to New York. And when her nephews and nieces asked about her sudden journey to Infield-on-the-Hudson, she told them that she had been to look for summer board.

"And weren't you suited, auntie, dear?" said the youngest and prettiest of the nieces, who had seen the *Morning Patriot*, with the printed slip missing from the list of advertisements, and could put two and two together as well as any one.

And Miss Maroon answered, sharply, that she was not suited at all.

A Voice from the Skating Pond.

Coats and trousers have the best of it everywhere, I exclaimed for the thousandth time, as I looked at the delightful spectacle of the male and female skaters at the Central Park. Away went coat and trousers like a feather before the wind, free and untrammeled by dry-goods, and independent of any chance somersault, while the poor skirt-hampered women glided circumspectly after their much-needed health and robustness, with that awful omnipresent sense of the proprieties (and—horror of horrors—a tumble!) which sends more of the dress-fettered sex to their graves every year than any disease I wot of.

That a few women whom I saw there had had the perseverance to become tolerable skaters, with all that mass of dry goods strung round their waists, is infinitely to their credit. How much longer and better they could have skated, disembarrassed, as men are, of these swaddling robes, common-sense will tell anybody. I should like to see how long a man's patience would hold out, floundering round in them, while he learned to skate! And yet were a lady to adopt any other costume, what a rolling of eyes and pursing of mouths would we see from the strainers at gnats and swallowers of camels.

"Why don't you get up a skating costume, and set them an example?" whispers a voice at my elbow. Me? why don't I? Because, sir, custom has made me a poor, miserable coward in these matters, like the rest of my sex, and because, moreover, sir, you would have no more courage to walk by my side in such a costume, than I should have to wear it. No, no; a crowd of curious men in my wake would be no more agreeable in reality than it is in perspective. It is brave talking, I know, but the time has not yet come when men, by refraining from rude remarks on a female pioneer in such a cause, would remove one of the chief obstacles to its advancement. They "like healthy women"—oh, of course they do! but then, unfortunately, they like dainty prettiness of attire much better. Else, why don't they encourage women when they try to do a sensible thing? Why do they grin, and stroke their beards, and shrug their shoulders, and raise their eyebrows, and go home to Jane Maria, and say, "Let me catch you out in such a costume!"

Now let me say in closing that I don't wish to be misunderstood on this matter. I approve of no costume which a delicate-minded, self respecting, dignified woman might not wear in public. But I will insist that nothing can be done in the way of reform while husbands and fathers and brothers sniff the whole subject "under the table," as soon as it is mentioned. May every one of them have a yearly doctor's bill to pay as long as the moral law!—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Satiety.

The less men have to do, the more likely they are to grumble about their dinner. Probably there are few places in the world where this is better exemplified than on a man-of-war. So Surgeon Hutchinson found it, and in his *Life on the Texan Blockade* he tells us how he once got the better of fault-finders with whom he had to deal.

We spent many of the nights in fishing for seatrout, sheepshead and croakers, the last being little beauties, that would croak like frogs for several minutes after coming on deck. All these made a welcome addition to our ship's fare, and I, as caterer for the mess, was especially glad to get them.

To provide three times a day for twenty-five hungry men, every one of them accustomed to dainty living, is no light task, even when markets are near and good; but to do it at sea, from canned goods, ship's rations, and what could be bought once a month from the supply steamer, this I found a thing all but impossible.

It was awful sometimes to hear the men growl: "Oh, confound this salt horse, doctor! Can't you do better than that?" "Same piece that Old Pill-garlic gave us last week!" Catch me astonishing my stomach with that stuff!" etc., etc.

Such were some of the remarks that used to greet me as I took my place at the foot of the table. Regularly once a week I flared up in return, brought the mess-books out, slammed them down on the table, and told them to choose another caterer and be done with it; but, after all, no one else suited them so well, and I remained the housekeeper for the mess for more than a year.

Worms That Eat Steel.

For the past two years the German government has been making inquiries into the life, history, and ravages of one of the most remarkable worms known to exist. This wonderful creature, whose gluttonous appetite is only satisfied after a feed on common steel, was first brought into general notice by an article in the Cologne *Gazette* in June, 1887.

For some time preceding the publication of the account mentioned, the greatest consternation existed among the engineers employed on the railway at Hagen, by accidents, which always occurred at the same place, proving that some terrible defect must exist either in the material or the construction of the rails.

The Government became interested, and sent a commission to the spot for the purpose of maintaining a constant watch at the spot where the accidents—one of them attended with loss of life—had occurred. It was not, however, until after six months had elapsed that the surface of the rails appeared to be corroded, as if by acid, to the extent of over 100 yards.

The rail was taken up and broken, whereupon it was found to be literally honey combed by a thin thread-like gray worm. The worm is said to be two centimetres in length and about the bigness of a common knitting needle. It is of a dirty gray color, and on the head of it carries two little sacs, or glands, filled with a most powerful corrosive secretion, which is ejected every ten minutes when the little demon is lying undisturbed. This liquid when squirted upon iron renders that metal soft and spongy, and of the color of rust, when it is easily and greedily devoured by the little insect. "There's no exaggeration," says the official report, "in the assertion that this creature is one of the most voracious, for it has devoured thirty-six kilogrammes of rails in a fortnight."

The Difficult Part.

Ted—Was it hard to tell Miss Prim you loved her?

Ned—Not very. The hard part came in a month later, when I had to tell her I had made a mistake.

Close-Fistedness.

Bob Billiard (reduced actor)—William, things are getting pretty touch in this town. I can stand the ill natured dislike of gum-headed and unappreciative managers, but this last thud of misfortune is too—too much.

Another—What's wrong, Brutus?

Bob—Every time Connors sees me coming he sets out a *papier-mache* lunch.—*Judge.*

At Christmas Time.

In olden tyme ye mayden faire
Did droope and blushe with modest showe
When mistletoe bean ey pow-dered hair
Led her beneath ye mistletoe.

Our modern maids, though just as sweet,
Make no display of shrinking fear,
They look just good enough to eat
And hang around the chandelier.

K. M.

Business is Business.

Life Insurance Agent (out West)—What did Mr. Newcomer say?

Assistant—He wouldn't talk with me at all; said he was too busy to think about life insurance.

"Well, I'll hang around his house to-night and shoot holes through his windows, and when he comes down town in the morning you be behind a fence in some vacant lot and put a few balls through the top of his hat. Then when he reaches his office I'll drop in and talk life insurance again."

Flossie Sticks to Her Point.

Flossie—I don't want to go to church to-day.

Mother—Why not?

Flossie—Because I haven't got a new dress.

Mother—Why, Flossie, you don't go to church to show your clothes, do you?

Flossie (tearfully)—No'm. I don't. Not when I haven't got any.—*Troy Times.*

A Lucky Prisoner.

Old Lawyer—I cannot take your case. Circumstantial evidence is so strong against you that it will be impossible to prove your innocence.

Prisoner—But I am not innocent. I am guilty.

"Oh! Then maybe I can clear you."

Hints on Art Silk Needle Work.

Ladies who are interested in this beautiful work should send for a copy of our sixty-four page Book entitled: Hints on Art Needle Work, just published, handsomely and profusely illustrated with patterns of many new and beautiful articles; also, stitches for the new decorative work with our Art Wash Silks now so popular for home fancy work. It also contains a table of shading for flowers and birds, and much information, valuable and instructive, for those who have a taste for Silk Embroidery Work. Sent free by mail on receipt of six cents in stamps. Belding, Paul & Co., Silk Manufacturers, Montreal.

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In order that we might be sure to fit every form of foot we secured seventeen different styles and shapes. A comfortable fit guaranteed.

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Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures all diseases arising from a torpid or deranged liver, or from impure blood, as Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions, Salt-rheum, Tetter, Erysipelas, and Scrofulous Sores and Swellings. Consumption, or Lung-scrofula, is also cured by this wonderful remedy, if taken in time.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the world-famed remedy for all those chronic weaknesses and distressing derangements so common to American women. It is a most potent, invigorating, restorative tonic, or strength giver, imparting tone and vigor to the whole system. As a soothing nervine it is unequaled. See guarantee printed on the bottle-wrapper and faithfully carried out for many years.

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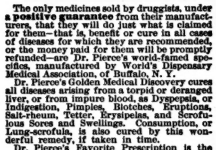

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HEAD
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ACHE
is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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The Implement Came Natural to Him.

"Shure, Mrs. Mulcahy, whin Oi heard the thumpin' Oi thought you an' the mashter was havin' a scrimmage."

"Divil a bit, Mrs. Heffernan. The ould man's only dhrivin' the tacks in a new bit av second-hand carpet Oi pur-r-chased for the drawin'-room!"—*Judge.*

The Toronto Saturday Night

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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VOL. III] TORONTO, JAN. 4, 1890. [No. 6

A Fine Arts Club.

The unfortunate demise of the Press Club has left the literary workers of Toronto without a place where they may socially assemble. They may be themselves to blame for this, but that matter the reader, if so disposed, may settle for himself. This condition of affairs is certainly not creditable to so important a literary center as Toronto. The number of men who earn their living with the pen in this city at present is a large one and will be constantly increasing. If Canada can be said to have a literary center Toronto is certainly that center, and if it intends to retain its position it is important that a spirit of fraternity should be cultivated among its writers. No one pretends to dispute that some resort where men of literary proclivities could meet, exchange ideas and fraternally associate would be of inestimable advantage to the profession, in many ways. Notwithstanding the general assent given to the above proposition it seems a difficult matter to organize a club in Toronto so broad in its scope as to give satisfaction to a number of writers sufficiently large to keep it afloat. Hence the death of the Press Club. It has therefore been suggested by a writer in the *Mail* that a club be formed by the writers and artists of Toronto after the style of the Savage Club of London, or the Lotus Club of New York. This seems to be a very sensible suggestion. The pen and the pencil have been indissolubly connected from time immemorial and are destined to even a closer union in the near future. The application of scientific invention to the fine arts tends towards a firmer knitting of the tie, and journalism the world over bears testimony to the fact. Illustrated papers are now the rule, not the exception.

There should be no difficulty in a union of this kind, and seeing that neither class is so numerous here as to require a separate club as yet, the project seems feasible enough. The artist would gain valuable information from the writer and the writer would learn from the artist something that would materially assist our newspaper art criticism, and the general result would be a strengthening of the spirit that is needed here in all branches of art.

In these days when the strength given by union is shown in every walk of life, and when the club houses of business men and men in other professions are flourishing on every hand, it seems strange that the professions which call for the highest powers of the mind are in this city almost without unity and the spirit of fraternity. If this club is formed it should be for the workingmen of these two allied callings, not for the drones or the butterflies. It could be made cheap enough to be within reach of all these. It should be a place where they could meet at luncheon, or in the evening, or to which they could invite their friends—a place where they could amuse themselves, develop their capabilities as social animals and shake off narrow prejudices that running in certain ruts invariably engenders. It is an institution that Toronto should now possess and one which when established should flourish like a green bay tree.

Music.

The great musical event of the week was, of course, the Sarasate-D'Albert concert a week ago this evening. It was essentially a musicians' concert, and I believe all of the profession who are in town embraced this opportunity to combine instruction with pleasure. But, alas! the general public was not so enthusiastic in its pecuniary support for the Pavilion was not more than half filled. It will not be uninteresting to endeavor to analyze the causes for this failure to greet two of the world's greatest artists with a crowded house. First of all, Saturday night is not a good night for a concert in Toronto—never has been. The impending Sabbath makes people disinclined to come home at a late hour, go to rest and wake up on Sunday, without having made preparation by a quiet home-evening on Saturday. Some people said the prices were too high. As to this, it may be answered that there were nearly as many people in the two dollar seats as in cheaper rows, showing that there may be a question about this solution of the enigma, although there is always inherent in human nature an objection to being classified by taking cheaper seats—especially in Toronto human nature. Then again a day anywhere between Christmas and New Year's found many of us with sadly depleted pockets, and this, together with a general ignorance as to the merits of the two great artists, was, in my opinion, the principal cause of the poor attendance.

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As to the concert itself, it was simply delightful. We have never had Sarasate's superior in Toronto, and we have never had a violinist so admirably supported as he was by Mme. Berthe Marx. There was such absolute equality of phrasing and sentiment betwe-een them, that it would be difficult to imagine anything more perfect in this respect. Sarasate himself shows the utmost ease, grace and repose, and plays the most difficult passages without any visible effort. His bowing alone is a picture. His tone is soft and rich, not as large and broad as one might expect, but warm and sensuous to a degree, full of fire and poetry in its general effect. His phrasing is exquisite, elegant and refined. His intonation is absolutely perfect, double-stopping and harmonics being truthful and clear in every detail. His octave playing sounded as if a violin and cello were playing together. The great Kreutzer sonata developed new beauties under this wizard's hands. Mme. Marx played the piano parts to the sonata and to Raff's Liebesfee with an elegance and refinement almost equal to that of Sarasate. Their performance was musicianly and artistic to the extreme. His celebrated Faust Fantasie struck me as being rather cold in its rendition, as if its composer had become a little tired of it, in fact. Not so, however, with his Spanish Dance, which he invested with marvellous fire. And what a magnificent violin he played on!

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What a curious mixture Herr Eugen D'Albert must be! Born in Scotland of a French father, and living in Great Britain until his eighteenth year, and enabled to pursue his studies in Germany by a British scholarship, he becomes so German that he speaks broken English, according to an interviewer's story, and now claims in effect that all his gifts come from Germany, ignoring and belittling what he has learned in England.

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Be this as it may, he can play the piano. His performance of the Waldstein Sonata was masterly. He showed a wonderful conception of its beauties, and gave it a warm and poetic rendering. Noticeable was his playing of the octave passages, which in the days of the old pianos were played *glissando*, under Agnes Zimmerman's editing played with both hands, but rendered by him with one hand with the utmost clearness and elegance. His technique annihilates difficulties. His tone is rich, full and round, combining virility with elegance and sympathy. He has power and force in tone, but rarely shows its extremes, indeed, in this respect the playing of both artists showed that there are greater things in the world of musical art than brute force. Yet the Philippic music, who is strong in me, would have rejoiced in some fine thundering passages, notably in Raff's C major Etude. It must not be inferred from this that I found D'Albert devoid of contrast in his playing. Far from it. While he is inclined to avoid changes of tempo, he is lavish in the fine gradations of dynamic power, and he produces large, broad and noble effects in phrasing, which are all the more notable that they are confined within the limits of a strict tempo. In the sonata he introduced some changes of tempo, that were so finely graduated as to be almost unnoticed, with beautiful effect. He allowed himself greater freedom in the Rubinstein Barcarolle, which was played with most delightful variety. The Strauss-Tausig waltz offered a pleasant contrast to his other numbers, and brought out his powers of bravura playing. Altogether D'Albert fully justified Von Bulow's classification of this young man with Rubinstein and himself.

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The Mendelssohn Quintette Club has been giving enjoyment to many during its stay in Toronto. On Friday evening of last week it performed a fine programme at the College of Music, and on Monday evening last assisted at another pleasing function at the Arlington Hotel, in conjunction with Mr. Harry Field, to the great delight of a large party of invited friends of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. C. Kerr.

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In view of its approaching concert on January 16, the Vocal Society is keeping up its rehearsals during the holidays with undiminished vigor. The soloists will be three young ladies of great personal as well as artistic attractions. When Miss Hortense Pierse, M'lle Etelka Utassi and Miss Norah Clench are seen and heard by the audience, it will be generally conceded that the Society could hardly have made a more pleasing choice.

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I have several times suggested that our choral societies should form preparatory classes for the study of sight-singing and a little tone-culture, in both of which our choruses are to-day sadly deficient. While this has not yet been taken up by either of our large societies, there has been a good deal of work in this direction done in a quiet, unobtrusive way by Mr. George E. Brame, who has organized classes in Toronto for this study, and who has had considerable success with such material as he has had at hand. Were there a more general and systematic pursuit of this study, the work of every conductor and choirmaster would be very much lessened.

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After a long and faithful term of service in the choir of St. Basil's Church, Miss Sarah Bolster has withdrawn. Her departure will be a loss to a choir which produces some of the finest music heard in Catholic churches in Toronto.

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I make room with pleasure for the following letter:

DEAR METRONOME,—I was very pleased to read in SATURDAY NIGHT of the 21st inst. your exposure of the intention on the part of the Canadian College of Organists to create a number of "Associates" upon the strength of programmes played by them at some time or other, but not in the hearing of the examiner. Such a piece of humbug should, as you say, be frowned down, and I for one will assist in doing so, though at the same time I feel with you the unpleasantness of the duty.

If the distinctions to be awarded by the Canadian College of Organists are to have any weight, they must not only be based upon a hearing of the performances of candidates in presence of the examiners, but also on some tests in theoretical work such as are called for by the English College of Organists.

I have just received the prospectus containing the constitution and by-laws of the proposed College of Organists, together with a scheme of examinations; it all looks very well indeed on paper, but I should like to ask what guarantee is there that the paper work is to be of a sufficiently high standard?

The English college calls for other subjects of importance in the examinations for associateship besides those mentioned in the prospectus referred to, viz.: transposition at sight; reading figured bass at sight; modulation (on paper); counterpoint up to four parts; correct answers to fugal subjects; form in musical composition; therefore, if (as stated in the preliminary remarks in the prospectus) it be desirable to found "an organization in Canada similar to the College of Organists (England) upon much the same basis, and with the same objects in view," the tests for associateship should be of a like nature.

In my letter of March 12, on the same subject, I made several friendly suggestions with regard to the foundation of the college, which seemed to me should be the basis of operation; with such a basis I would assist all I could to build it up. In the prospectus already referred to, by-law No. 5 reads: The Executive shall have the power to confer the degree of "Honorary Fellow" (*sic*) of the college without examination, etc. First—a number of men (the foundation members) meet together and agree that it would be more becoming to their dignity to see their names adorned with certain titles (no matter whether those titles are worthless or not), and so confer on each other the diploma of F. C. O. Then, that being all comfortably settled, it is decided that if there be any one whom two-thirds of these mutual admirationists admire, they give themselves the power to dub him or her with a like honor (?); surely a greater piece of humbug was never perpetrated! If the foundation members will not undergo the examination test and so prove themselves worthy of the titles they are assuming without such test, then in my opinion it is premature to have this college at all. In Canada we want our institutions as good and thorough as those elsewhere. Let anything approaching to humbug and charlatanry be vigorously stamped out; if our musicians want diplomas and titles let them be the result of hard work, and such as will command the respect of everyone.

Yours faithfully,
ARTHUR E. FISHER,
Mus. Bac., Toronto, Associate of College of Organists, Eng., and A. Mus., Trinity College, London, England.

TORONTO, Dec. 28, 1889.

As this is a subject which is of importance to all classes of the musical profession, I shall be glad to give expression to the opinions of those interested, not excepting the promoters of the College of Organists who surely should have something to say on the subject.

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I see that the *American Musician* greets my suggestion that the critic of the New York *Tribune* is the highest musical authority on the continent with a simple "Wow!!!" Precisely what this means I don't know but it looks doggy. I may smooth his ruffled feathers by complimenting the *Musician* upon its chief critical writer, Mr. Americo Gori, who is evidently a thoroughly trained musician as well as a remorseless analyst. I read his criticisms with great interest and respect, and I have no doubt that he might very properly consider himself entitled to the high position I accorded Mr. Krehbiel. There! I hope the next injection offered by the *American Musician* will be a gentler one.

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My attention has been directed to the advertisement of a teacher of voice culture, who claims to teach the "Old Italian Method" as obtained from the brother *(sic)* of a celebrated singer. The apparent validity of this claim is very much weakened by the absurd disregard of the unities of fiction shown by the fact that the gentleman in question does not know how to spell his teacher's name correctly in either his advertisements or circulars. N. S.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

As I predicted last week the Kendals were greeted on their first appearance here by a large and fashionable audience. The play in which they appeared was the adaptation of Sardou's Les Pattes de Mouches, A Scrap of Paper. A

MR. KENDAL.

Scrap of Paper is a play that does not impress itself very forcibly on the mind. It is as light as gossamer, but as bright as a May morning. It does not work up into climaxes. It goes running along as smoothly as a summer brook, here broadening into placid and shadowy pools that suggest depth, there rippling and laughing in sunny shallows. It's quick turns and charming sinuosities surprise and delight, but they do not interrupt the current which flows on and carries the mind of the spectator with it. I was delighted with the whole performance, and yet, when I endeavored to define my pleasure, my mind was lost in a haze of pleasant uncertainty. The Scrap of Paper was an old love letter that had never been received by Colonel Blake, for whom it had been intended. On account of not having received it he had

MRS. KENDAL.

left England and roamed the world for three or four years. Returning he found his old love, the writer of the letter, married to another man, Sir John Ingram. Explanations followed. The letter was found by the colonel where it had been placed for him three years before. Then the difficulty confronted Lady Ingram of how to recover it from him. She was assisted in this by Susan Hartley (Mrs. Kendal), and this *duello* between Susan Hartley and Colonel Blake is made the medium of much pleasant comedy. The little scrap of paper not only concerns those three, but manages to flutter through the hands of nearly all the rest of the *dramatis personæ*, and to weave them into a web of the most delicate comedy.

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In lieu of wordy description I am enabled to present here portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. The reception given to these distinguished artists this week was one in keeping with the greatness of their reputation and their able fulfilment of it. Something excellent was looked for and something excellent was received. Mrs. Kendal's Susan Hartley is a piece of work that recalled to me the anecdote of Garrick and the coachman. "How did you like Garrick," said a gentleman to his coachman, to whom he had given a ticket to go and see the first actor of his time. "Didn't like 'im at all," said that individual, with a tinge of scorn in his accent. "Wy, he talked just like me an' Jos does, around the stables, sir." "I: was one of the finest compliments I ever had paid me," said Garrick, when it was related to him. The great charm of Mrs. Kendal's acting is its spontaneity. The truest art is that which conceals art, and Mrs. Kendal's art is so little apparent that when we see her bustling around the room, with her humming of songs, and her careless exclamations of surprise, her easy flow of small talk and her thousand and one little tricks of woman's everyday life, we almost forget that this is art, not nature. In some of her by-play, and in her tones, I was strongly reminded of the accomplished actress who charmed us last week with the vigor and the dash of her Peg Woffington and her Lady Gay Spanker. And strange to say, Rose Coghlan's Susan Hartley is still affectionately remembered by New Yorkers when she played this part to the Colonel Blake of Lester Wallack. The illustrious Wallack has now become a reminiscence, but his reputation in this part is still so strong in that city that nine out of ten New York journals measured Mr. Kendal, on his first appearance there, by the Wallack standard.

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Mr. Kendal's acting shows many of the characteristics which mark that of Mrs. Kendal. His Colonel Blake is a bluff, good-hearted, well-bred fellow, and English to the core. His humor is as distinctively English as his accent, but it is humor, and unctuous enough and radiant enough to leave us a soft and warming glow of pleasure to carry home. The company is composed of careful and painstaking actors and actresses, capable of giving the stars a finished and well-rounded support.

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On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week will be seen at the Grand Opera House the Cleveland-Haverley Minstrels with Billy Rice, Billy Sweatman and other stars in the aggregation. To write a long puff about this well-known and popular company would be simply "gilding the burnished gold" or painting an Ethiopian with burnt cork. On Thursday, Friday and Saturday Little Lord Fauntleroy. Those who have read Mrs. Burnett's charming story will need no other inducement to attract them to the play.

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At the Academy of Music this week the Wood-St. John Company has been playing in Rogot La Honte, an English version of a French drama, by Jules Marg. The play is melo-dramatic in its tendencies and bears the indelible impress of French influence in its construction. It is rapid and exciting in its action, and contains some very effective dramatic situations. The story hinges upon a murder and a robbery committed by one of two men who resembled each other closely. The guilt attached itself to the innocent man, Roger La Roque, partially through the medium of his own wife and child who had witnessed the tragedy. The money stolen from the murdered man was also found in his possession. He had received it from the wife of the advocate, who subsequently defended him, as payment for money loaned her before her marriage, when La Roque had been her admirer. She, however, was in league with the real murderer and assisted him to have La Roque sentenced to death by writing a love letter to him and having it come to her husband's hands during the trial. This had the desired effect, but the blow killed her husband, who falls dead in the court while addressing the jury. La Roque subsequently escapes with his child to America, becomes a millionaire and by a combination of circumstances the probability of which are somewhat shaky, succeeds in discovering the guilty persons and meting out justice or retribution to them with a full hand. The death scene in the court is the strongest situation in the whole play. The part of Lucien de Noirville, the advocate, who defends La Roque, has been made a telling success in another company by Mr. Wilton Lackaye, who, it may be remembered, played the villainous Saviani with Rose Coghlan last season. This character, taken by Mr. E. Gantlony in the Wood-St. John company is the best work done by any member of the cast outside of the principals. Miss St. John did very creditable if not very powerful work and it seemed to me a little more rehearsing would have materially helped the playing all round.

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On Thursday, Friday and Saturday of next week, Mr. Greene has engaged the favorite American actress Effie Ellsler, who will appear in her charming impersonation, The Goremiss. This should be a drawing card at the Academy.

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Austins' Australian Novelty Company has been doing big business at Jacobs' & Sparrow's this week. The show is made up of specialties, dancing, acrobatic work, etc., all of which are very good. The programme closes with the performance of the Austin sisters on the trapeze, which was loudly applauded.

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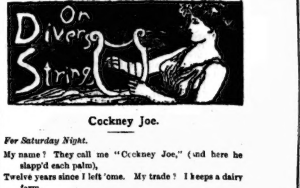
Pat Rooney will be at the Toronto next week in an amusing comedy entitled Pat's Wardrobe. The Buffalo *Times* says: Strange to say Pat Rooney is not the name of the play but the name of the star, the piece being Pat's Wardrobe, a most amusing comedy. Mr. Rooney seems to have improved every time he appears and yet every time he appears it would seem there is no room for improvement. His Irishisms are funnier than ever, and his "wardrobe" simply immense.



Cockney Joe.

For Saturday Night.

My name? They call me "Cockney Joe," (and here he slapp'd each palm),
Twelve years since I left 'ome. My trade? I keeps a dairy farm.
Like it? Vy yes, in korse I does, and likes the kentry too.
Vork like a 'orse—a dairyman 'as halways lots to do.
'Ow does I pass my hevenin's? 'Ow do I spend my nights—d'yer say?
Vy ven the the cattle's fodder'd, ven I'm finished for the day,
I goes into the 'ouse, and 'angs my 'at up hon the nail
And vets my bloomin' vistle with a pot o' bloming hale.
And vets my old woman jines me too, ve coes it part and part,
Vot hi 'as, she 'as too—God bless 'er kindly 'art,
And there ve sits quite cozy, ven the vind comes blustrin' by,
Though ven its verpin' in the pines, she'll som times sit and sigh.
For 'ome ages, and then, I knows, she's bringing back to mind
A quiet little baby's grave—twelve year since left be'ind,
But I cheers 'er hup vith kindly talk, or some new neighbor's tale,
And ve vets our bloomin' vistles with a pot o' 'bloomin' hale.
Quite right, d'yer say? In korse I vos, an' yet yes! sometimes find
Uneasy coves a spowten round, vots of a diff'rnt mind,
Lawst summer twelvemonth—vots it?—No!—the year before,
A sickly chap kem 'ere to bawd—'ee stay'd ven night—no more,
Vot hup an' sed 'ee niver drawnk (I could ha' told that vell),
That drinkin' curried on at 'ome, turn'd 'ome into a 'ell,
And sed as it vos shame for me, to pass a milking pail
And vet my bloomin' vistle vith a pot o' bloomin' hale.
Hi never know'd a pieman tuckin' into "pies all 'ot,"
Or butchers heatin' sassingers—not they—they knows vot's vot,
Now I respecks the preechers, yet, does them vots paid to teach
Hact hup to an' live through the week, on vot they're vont to preach,
Maybe it's not for me to say that preachin's but a trade,
Yit 'evin mostly calls 'em vare the 'ighest vage is paid,
P'raps this is vy hi sparns the cow—'er vith the vooden tail,
And vets my bloomin' vistle vith a pot o' bloomin' hale.
So 'elp me bob! it makes me toired ter 'ear them platform swells
A vastin' of their precious vind about our 'omes bein' 'ells,
Is mine a 'ell, hi'd like ter know? Is mine a feeind's art?
And am hi lower then the orse vot drors my milkman's cart?
Now swelp my Jimmy Johnson, if I doesn't some'ow think
Sech makes a tidy livin' by their hattitood on drink,
But, jist the same, hold Cockney Joe—that's me—'ll never fail
To vet 'is bloomin' vistle vith a pot o' bloomin' hale.

H. K. COCKIN.

After Gounod.

A Translation.

Oh, Zeilje, list, thou lifespring of my love,
Kneels to thee now an untamed Arab child,
Powerless to rove.
As the free falcon on the spaceless wild
By fatal lure is all too soon beguiled—
I prison prove.
By all the houris of the triple heaven,
The prophet promised joys to faithful given
Of love and wine;
From all the bliss-pangs of our Paradise,
Thy sweet love whisper could my soul entice,
And heaven be mine.
Can all the splendors of Ben Daoud's line
Tempt thee to link thy love and lot to mine
In bleaful chain?
Is there an Eden upon earth below?
'Tis where fond passions in unending flow
Make heaven vain.
Turn not thy head—no rival brooks a love
That thirsts with longing unsurpassed to prove
The untasted wine.
Tho' chaos yawned betwixt us, thrre are none
Can cut the thread of fate that made us one
With mystic sign.
Wilt thou not hear me? Then behold my breast,
Bared to the poniard, needs but thy behest
To ent lits pain.
But hear the curse—wherever thou mayest go
Of joy or sweetness never shalt thou know
The power again.
And learn full well
That for the woe to which thou hast given birth
Heaven shall reject thee, and ths smiling earth
Shall be thy hell.

R. W. A

Lady Myrtle Danced a Waltz.

For Saturday Night.

My heels are playing on the pavement,
My wits rebel and play me false,
For fancy, o'er an old enlavement
Plays, while the soldiers play a waltz.
And so I cannot but remember—
The music puts me in its debt—
A ball-night in a white December,
A tender lawn with May-dew wet.
'Tis strange that after many seasons
We like to see the old dim stars,
And, spite half-a-hundred reasons,
Gaze from behind the old cell-bars.
My heart's a graveyard; often weeping,
My thoughts answer me there in black,
For there my dearest loves are sleeping,
All dead in early youth, good lack!
Love refifes no rain avement
Or I would show you face to face,
Recalled to-night from long interment,
A resurrection full of grace;
That you from phantom feet the lightest,
From fairy forms bright choose the best,
From brilliant dames select the brightest
And let the others be at rest.
He could not then conceive it curious
A soldier's hand should make a dull—
You think my sentiment is spurious?—
My friend, you're weighted with a skull.
Hope waits on consciences that suffer,
Hearts soften that are hard as brick,
The thing that skins out may be tougher,
But nothing saves a head that's thick.
I'll summon someone else to measure
The merits of my dreamland bride,
Or at my own abundant leisure
Discuss the maiden and decide.
They called her clever, even and pious,
I saw it shining in her eyes,
But, overmore the gods deep
The wives we think we most could prize.
I heard her sing a glorious ballad,
They told me that she studied hard,
I heard her to the ballroom glide
With feelings of profound regard.
And though we never met thereafter
I heard of her at distant whiles,
For where she came came merry laughter,
And where she was were p'easant smiles.
I call them flowers, the passion fancies
That cumber one with fruitless cares,
The social roses, fashion pansies—
Who likes may call them weeds or tares.
Love's acres are extremely fertile
In immortelles that last for hours,
But here's a sprig of real Myrtle
To grace my bunch of passion flowers.

ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

Noted People.

Prince Arthur, Queen Victoria's third son, will arrive in Canada from Japan next May.

Patti has become very much disgusted with Chicago on various accounts. One of her chief grievances is that the critics there pay more attention to her hair than to her voice, and her voice is giving way, owing to the horrible coal smoke.

Miss Maud Banks, who figured on the stage awhile, is now in Washington acting as private secretary for her father, Gen. N. P. Banks. The general looks as large and as strong as he did twenty years ago, although 74 winters have made his thick thatch of hair and his heavy mustache snowy white.

Mrs. J. S. Sarocka, the grandniece of General Pulaski, proposes traveling through the South to speak on the life of her distinguished ancestor. Mrs. Sarocka was for many years an exile in Siberia with her husband, but, unlike other exiles, she speaks in the highest terms of her treatment by the Russian officials.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe declined to be interviewed upon the subject of Western society by the reporter of a San Francisco paper, stating as a reason that when she had said nothing on a similar occasion, she was made to say much that was unpleasant, therefore if she spoke at all, there was no telling what words might be put into her mouth.

In the death of the ex-Empress of Brazil there is a touching little ring of pathos. Coming from a throne, in a grave, at the end of the much-traveled road of suffering, she found rest after bitter disappointment. In delicate health even in her own sunny land, it is certain that the exciting events of the past two months hastened her death. One feels for the dethroned and lonely emperor the strongest sympathy and pity.

The doctors who attended the late King of Portugal during the last few weeks of his illness presented bills for their services amounting to nearly $100,000. One of them demanded $14,000 for ten visits, another demanded $17,000 for fifteen, while a third thought that $30,000 was not too much to ask for his attendance at eighteen consultations. Eventually the new king succeeded in effecting a settlement of their claims by means of a lump sum of $60,000.

Mr. J. A. Symonds, in a page of his autobiography, says: "It has been my constant habit for many years to do a considerable amount of hard study while traveling. It would be difficult to say how many heavy German and Italian books on history, biography, and criticism, how many volumes of Greek poets, and what a library of French and English authors have been slowly perused by me in railway stations, trains, steamers, wayside inns and Alpine chalets. I enjoy nothing more than to sit in a bar-room among peasants, carters and postilions, smoking, with a glass of wine beside me, and a stiff work on one of the subjects I am bound to get up."

Bournemouth has lost its most interesting inhabitant, Sir Percy Shelley, the only surviving son of the poet, who died recently. Although Sir Percy inherited none of his father's poetic genius, he was a man of very cultivated tastes and considerable literary ability. Beautiful is a strange epithet to apply to a man, and yet it is the only one that describes the late baronet; his face, with its bright, boyish eyes and white flowing hair, was singularly beautiful. He had winning, gracious manners too, with a kindly word for everyone whom he met. He was devoted to the theater, and even in his old age rarely missed a first night. Sir Percy was counted one of the best amateur actors in England, and the largest rooms in his town house and at Bournemouth were fitted up as theaters, and many notable performances were given there. He was a great supporter of athletic sports, an ardent tricyclist, and an indefatigable rower. His mother was the well-known Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin's daughter, and he seems to have inherited some of her common sense; while from his father he had his boundless generosity and enthusiastic devotion to others. He had a singular power of winning the love of those he knew, and during the whole of his long life rarely, if ever, made an enemy. Sir Percy and his wife had a veritable *cult* for, all that concerned the great poet. He had in his possession the drenched discolored volume of Sophocles found in Shelley's pocket when he was drowned. The other eleven, bound in fair white vellum, were significantly placed near by.

The recent death of Jefferson Davis called forth the following paragraph in the *Pall Mall Gazette:* Jeff Davis had been living for many years in complete seclusion. The home of the old Confederate leader in Mississippi is a typical old time plantation mansion, one story high, with spacious halls and an imposing portico. It lies in view of the sea, and is surrounded by a thick grove of orange and magnolia trees. These surroundings accord well with the retirement in which the once famous President of the Confederate States has for many years past been living. But though "out of it," so far as practical politics were concerned, Jefferson Davis retained to the last his full mental vigor and all his interest in public affairs. He kept his eightieth birthday last year, on which occasion a sympathetic visitor to Beauvoir described him as follows: Immaculately dressed, straight and erect, with the traces of his long military service still showing in his carriage, with his eighty years resting as lightly on his head as a silver crown, and with the flush of health on his pale, refined face—such is the portrait of the famous President of the Confederacy as he looks at fourscore. His mind is as vigorous and active as it was in earlier years, showing none of the failings of age. He is genial and witty, apt at repartee; and in his home life he is exceptionally fortunate. It was a pleasant trait in Davis' character that he recognized fully and frankly the high qualities of his opponents. Here is an interesting judgment which he passed, in conversation with a friend a few years ago, upon Lincoln: "Mr. Lincoln was a vulgar joker, but a great man. He was wise, and he was honest. He could have been of great good to the South if he had lived, and his untimely death was a great loss to us. Yes, he was an honest man. His death was a great loss to the South."

A New Year's Story.

For Saturday Night.

The coming of this New Year of 1890 reminds me very forcibly of an experience I lived through (and it was a miracle I did live through it) just twelve months ago. How strange and unreal it seems to me now, even after this short space of time, and yet—but let me tell my story just as it happened.

I am a Canadian living in that large and well known, though not densely populated, part of Canada, called Way Back. It isn't so very bad in June and October, and we are doing our best to improve under the tuition of a few English missionaries, who have nobly forsaken their own enlightened land for our benefit, and possibly other reasons, and who have kindly consented to tell us what we ought to do; not to speak of philanthropic families who have moved here from Toronto, Kingston and other centres of civilization, who most cheerfully and unendingly remind us what they would do if they were we. With these unusual advantages we can never fail to be impressed with a sense of our own great unworthiness.

But with us as with the rest of the world this feeling of not being as good as one ought to be is intensified by the approach of New Year's. The last week of the old year, as we all know, is the time for making good resolutions; the first week of the New Year the time for breaking them. On the last night of the old year of 1888 I formulated no resolutions, but in a midnight reverie I wished that by one strenuous and passionate effort I might drop the old life and all its imperfections with the old year, and enter at once upon a new and infinitely higher existence.

"I will do my best to help you," said a voice in my ear.

I looked up in surprise, and beheld a tall and beautiful girl, who introduced herself to me as my guardian angel. It seems that becoming wearied of her efforts to influence me from the heavenly spheres, she had concluded to come to earth for awhile, and try the effect of taking closer aim.

"I am delighted to see you," I exclaimed, "but," glancing at her robe, which suggested a Mother Hubbard to my earth-stained vision, "where is your trunk? I mean, what are you going to wear?"

"That is of small moment," she replied, in a voice of entrancing sweetness.

"It is, is it?" thought I. "Well, I fancy you'll think differently about it when you've been here a day or two. For real moral worth angels are superior to women, but when it comes to style——!"

We went upstairs together, and I remember the thrill of exaltation, the delicious sensation as of being lifted and wafted, that came with the touch of her hand on my arm. I was difficulty was settled by her taking one of my own gowns, for we were fortunately of the same size and height; but there all resemblance ceased, for, glancing in the glass beside her, I seemed to see a brown, sad twilight set close beside the glory of the dawn. Selecting the most old-fashioned of my garments, for no other reason than that its color became her, she removed all the fussy finery of trimming, giving length to its lines and softness to its folds, and making it in some sort a reflection of herself.

Miss Silverwing—this was the name we decided to call her—appeared next morning at the breakfast table, and was introduced to the family as an old friend of mine, who had arrived late the night before. She made a most agreeable impression on all. So entirely forgetful of self was she, and so exquisitely careful of others, that I began to be very proud of her, and to wonder if it were not some unusual merit of my own that had won for me such a very charming guardian angel.

But of this idea I was disabused on our, return to what in Way Back is called the living room, where we discovered that the youngest member of the family, a two-year-old baby, had taken advantage of our absence to upset the ink.

"Ugh! you horrid little imp!" I exclaimed, taking her roughly by the arm, "see what you've done."

"Consider what you have done," said my guardian angel, not snappishly but solemnly, "You have committed murder."

"Murder!" I echoed.

"He that hateth his brother is a murderer."

"Well, anyone that spills ink all over a writing table deserves to be murdered."

The angel said nothing, but glancing up at her I caught a look that somehow filled me with a feeling of self-contempt. It's a very uncomfortable feeling, especially on New Year's day.

"Are you going out to that affair at Hurdygurdy's to-night?" asked one of my brothers.

"I suppose I'll have to go," I responded rather ungraciously, "but I take no pleasure in it."

"That is because you are too lazy and too selfish to take pleasure in it," observed Miss Silverwing, in the softest and quietest way imaginable.

"Now what do you mean by that?" I inquired with a considerable amount of irritation. "What pleasure can a rational being take in the society of a lot of more or less empty-headed chatterboxes, who think of nothing but their own appearance, and of what they fancy other people are thinking of them? They do not benefit me, and I do not benefit them."

"Whose fault is it that you do not benefit them?" asked the angel sadly. "It is of our own choice that we are benevolent or malevolent."

"We have no sidewalks in Way Back, and the caller who just then engaged my attention unconsciously brought in a small quantity of mud upon the carpet.

"It does not matter in the least," I said as he gazed at it ruefully.

"Indeed it does," remarked my heavenly visitant, "else my friend would not have asked her brother, when he brought in some mud a short time ago, why he did not bring in the whole earth while he was at it."

There was an awkward pause. The caller apologized again, and as I was miserably afraid to tell another white lie about it, I said nothing, thus leaving him with the delightful impression that he had committed the blackest crime in the calendar.

"A very pleasant place here," he remarked presently. "I am sure you are enjoying your visit, Miss Silverwing."

"I have not enjoyed it yet," she replied, turning her truthful beautiful face full upon him," but my friend has taken no pains to make me enjoy it."

Tears of mortification sprang to my eyes, though the remarks which called them forth had been uttered as impersonally as though she had said, "the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles."

"Your friend is a Quaker, I suppose," said the caller, as the angel withdrew to comfort the baby, who was lamenting loudly over some trifle or other; "she seems to be gifted with great plainness of speech."

"Oh, she's an angel," I responded, with a slightly satirical accent. "She has angelic manners, hasn't she?"

Our eyes met, and in spite of ourselves, we smiled.

At that moment my guardian spirit re-entered the room, and I felt again that wretched wave of shame and self-reproach, which had swept over me once before that morning. The forenoon dragged itself away somehow, and the semblance of cheerfulness returned at dinner time. I have inherited the old English fondness for genuine plum pudding, and we had one that day—fruity and spicy and black with richness, with a scent of something in the sauce to make one forget one's temperance principles.

"Do you think you really need that?" asked the angel, who sat next to me, as the steaming, fragrant plate was placed before me.

"No, certainly not. The cravings of hunger are all satisfied. I have eaten as much already as I do at an ordinary everyday dinner."

"Then, of course you know that to take any food in excess of the real needs of the system is simply gluttony."

So then I was a glutton as well as a liar, and a murderer, and a heartless, indolent wretch. I pushed the plate aside in bitterness of spirit.

That afternoon Miss Malgams called. If it were right to detest anybody it would give me real pleasure to detest Miss Malgam. She has fawning, deceitful, effusive ways, and an incessant smile. I would rather she should hammer me than smile at me. I don't know how I ever came to say I was glad to see her, but I must have said so, else Miss Silverwing would not have taken the trouble to explain that what I meant was that I was sorry to see her.

"Now you needn't try to make me believe that," said Miss Malgam, shaking a playful forefinger at me, "for I expect you to be very sweet and obliging this afternoon. Miss Bainbridge and I are collecting funds to turn Barton's old sawmill into a Sunday school room, for the children in that neighborhood, and I know you can't find it in your heart to refuse me a dollar or two."

It wasn't so much the words she said as it was the wheedling, cunning, oily manner in which she said them that annoyed me. I approve of Sunday schools, and don't say that they wouldn't be a success, even if made out of sawmills, provided the carpenters and teachers are faithful to their trust. But as I looked at the grinning simpleton before me, it occurred to me that I would much prefer giving my contribution to Miss Bainbridge, who is a sincere and capable woman.

"I am very sorry," I began, "but it will not be convenient to give you any assistance to day. I expect to see Miss Bainbridge next week, and will then——"

"On the contrary," interrupted my guardian angel, "it is convenient to hand you the money to-day. My friend has two dollars laid away in one corner of a bureau drawer for this very purpose. I will go and get them."

I wonder if angels are ever troubled with ossification of that part of the face which lies between the nose and mouth on one side, and the ear on the other, and is bounded on the north by the brow, and on the south by the neck.

Miss Malgam took the money with some hesitation, glancing, meantime at me.

"My friend is a warm believer in Sunday schools," explained the angel with a heavenly smile: "She is only obstinate, and perverse, that's all."

For once in her life, Miss Malgam was speechless and breathless. She got out of the house in a dazed condition.

I didn't say anything to Miss Silverwing. What would have been the use? But I looked forward with vague forebodings to Mrs. Hurdygurdy's party.

"How sweet it was of you to come," exclaimed Mrs. H., as we entered the house, "when you so seldom go anywhere, and I know that you prefer a very old book to the most brilliant assembly."

"Why, Mrs. Hurdygurdy," I responded; "of course I couldn't resist your invitation." There was a slight flattering stress in the "your."

"Yes, she could," affirmed my good genius. "She was violently opposed to the idea of coming, and was won over at last by a sense of duty."

"Ah, well," said the lady, good naturedly "we mustn't be too hard on book worms."

"The greatest harshness we can be guilty of toward them is to let them go on in their own selfish ways," said the angel softly.

"What shall I do now I am here?" I asked her shortly afterwards in a savage whisper.

"Devote yourself to the dullest looking people in the house, and see that they have a good time."

Into this charitable work I threw myself with so much success that toward the end of the evening some one congratulated me on my conversational powers. "Does she talk so much at home?" was asked of Miss Silverwing.

"No," replied that truthful young lady, "unless her brothers are in the house, or some congenial friend drops in. All she said in the hour previous to our coming was, 'If that baby doesn't stop its pow-wow I'll shut it in the shoe closet."

Everyone laughed—everyone but the angel and myself. I felt my head burn and reel with the heaped-up mortifications of the day. Not a word was spoken until we reached home, and were alone together in my room. Then I sank down on the bedside, and hid my face in my trembling hands. "You have done nothing but humiliate and torture me all day long," I cried, "and now I wish you to go. Leave me at once, and never let me see your face again."

There was no sound, and looking up I saw the face of the beautiful angel turned fully and divinely upon me. In her soft eyes lay depths of infinite tenderness. All other feelings in my heart were merged into admiration that was almost adoration. I put out my hand to touch the hem of her garment. Too late! She was melting away; she had melted away!

Then I woke up.

The clock had just struck twelve: it was New Year's morning. My head had fallen forward on the table during my dream. I went upstairs to bed with an odd feeling of an invisible being beside me, that was lifting and wafting me upward. And yet if it were possible for one's guardian angel to come to earth and make a business of reforming one there might be a few awkwardnesses connected with it. Don't you think so?

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

Nonsensical Rhymes.

'Varsity Chat.

Even at this holiday time the visitor may see in the reading-room now and then a solitary student poring over his books, taking advantage of the sepulchral silence. Within the privileged ground of the library Mr. Brebner sits in solitary authority, or dispensing his bookish wares to professors and graduates from out of town, Grads. who have gone abroad in search of deeper knowledge for themselves and others—grave pedagogues—who have set up to scatter the seeds of learning in the mind of young Ontario return to the city for the holiday season, and of course find their way almost involuntarily back to the well-stocked alcoves.

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Mr. T. C. DesBarres, '89, having spent the past term at Yale divinity school, and having returned for the holidays, is now again at Yale.

•

Mr. Harry Cody, B.A., '89, gold medallist in classics, of wonderful and happy memory, and at present classical master in Bishop Ridley's School in St. Catharines, was in town for a few days last week.

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The Modern Languages Association, which held its annual session during last week brought a number of our alumni to the city. Mr. A. H. Gibbard, B.A., '87, came down to contribute a paper.

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Mr. F. J. Steen, B.A., '88, modern language master in Bishop Ridley's School, who is spending his holidays at his home in the city, also contributed a paper to the Association programme.

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Prof. Alexander's influence is being used, I am informed, to bring about a new state of affairs in the department of Moderns. Anglo-Saxon is a new subject which it is proposed to embody in the curriculum. Henceforth—that is, after the beginning of the new era—we shall study more of the English classics and memorize less of other men's opinions about them. It would seem that in Prof. Alexander's view we have been beginning at the end and ending at the beginning, and in consequence have missed almost all of literary culture, except the knowledge on graduation day, that we have not acquired it.

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Mr. E. A. Hardie, B.A., '88, modern language master in Lindsay High School, has been spending the Christmas vacation in town. In a conversation of which I had the pleasure with him, he expressed satisfaction with his chosen calling.

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Mr. A. F. Watt, '90, is one of the very few who make their abode in Residence these lonely days. NEMO.

Some Lovers.

The lover who has received most ridicule both in social life and in literature is the shy lover. He has been the butt of the wits and cynics in every age, Bashfulness is a quality that should never belong to man, and he who suffers therefrom is ridiculed by the members of his own sex, and despised by those of the gentler one. When the shy lover is about to propose, he blushes and stammers, and frequently has to be assisted by the object of his affections.

Maidens are often obliged to treat timid lovers to a policy similar to that which a Yankee girl pursued towards her silent and undemonstrative lover. She said: "Leave me alone, can't yer, Jonathan?"

"Leave you alone! Why, I ain't a touchin' you, am I?"

"No; but ain't you a-goin' to?"

The audacious lover is a favorite with the fair sex. He woos with much energy and makes appropriate use of all opportunities. Nothing daunts him. Even the "irate parent," as the novelists term him, has no terrors for him. He whisks his daughter away before his astonished eyes for a dance or a promenade. He will accept no rebuff. He succumbs to no difficulty. His courtship resembles a vigorous military attack—a short siege, with fusillade and escalade, followed by almost immediate capitulation.

To this class of lover belonged a certain bold young Irish curate, who was playing at chess with his churchwarden's daughter, when a by-stander remarked: "Miss Blank, you might have taken the bishop!"

"I wish she would take the curate," was his quick reply, and she did.

The precocious lover is attacked with the tender passion shortly after he gets out of long clothes. It is generally his eldest sister's "dearest friend" whom he honors with his affection. She is ten years older than he, and sophisticated in proportion, and therefore despises her boy lover with a scorn that words could not express. He never sees his love, but suffers in silence. Yet he cannot quite conceal the passion that burns in his young heart. It is revealed in the love-sick expression of his eyes and in the tender tones of his voice. Canova fell in love at five years of age. Byron loved May Duff when he was eight and Margaret Parker when he was twelve. Dante was nine years old when he fell in love with Beatrice, and Burns succumbed to the tender passion when he was fourteen.

The old lover always appears absurd. The incongruity of an aged bachelor endeavoring to be gallant, or composing sonnets to his charmer's eyes, or lips, or poodle dog, excites the risible faculties of observers. Nevertheless, several very wise old men have been pierced by Cupid's arrows. Goethe, when he was sixty-seven years of age, fell in love with a bookseller's daughter. Rosseau became enamored with Lady Cecile Hobart when he was sixty years old. M. De Lesseps when he was over sixty fell in love with and married his second wife, Mlle. De Bragard, who was then aged nineteen.

The lover who succeeds best with women is confident, self-poised, and unconciding. He gives evidence of the possession of restrained power. The more absolute his rule, the more his sweetheart loves him. The more enigmatical his nature, and the more mystery there is in his life, the more readily does he retain a woman's love. He is not so popular with the fair sex generally, as the frank, good-natured lover, who is invaluable at picnics and tea parties, and who is always petted and tyrannised by the ladies, but he gains woman's deepest love, while the good-natured young man merely obtains her esteem, or, at best, a flickering affection. Woman is naturally fruitful of curiosity, and the man who piques her curiosity by the unconscious exhibition of mystery and puzzle in his character is certain to attract her. She strives to discover his secretest nature, and the more impenetrable his reserve, the more her curiosity is excited, and the more she is drawn towards him. Note that the men who have possessed the love of many women, and that of an intense kind, were men of inscrutable minds and occult characters, such, for instance, as Aristophanes, Pericles, Mirabeau, Jonathan Swift, and Van Buren.

He Made a Mistake.

A clergyman tells this story: I had been asked by one of our brethren to take part in a service at his church. I was to preach the sermon, and came prepared with one of my most striking ones. Just as I was mounting the pulpit steps, however, the pastor whispered in my ear: "I thought you ought to know that this is a funeral service."

You may imagine my feelings. They must have been something like Dr. Depew's when, at the inauguration of a college, he found himself expected, on ten minutes' notice, to deliver the historical address.

However, I had a little time to collect my thoughts. It was a memorial service, not a funeral, and I must do the deceased brother justice. I started, and talked my best for a quarter of an hour; then I stopped down.

As I did so, the pastor who had informed me of the nature of the service approached me. He seemed somewhat embarrassed, but he shook my hand warmly.

"It was a good sermon, sir," he said.

"Yes," I replied; for, to tell you the truth, I thought so myself, considering the circumstances.

"It was a good sermon," he repeated, "but—but——"

"Well?" I asked.

"But it wasn't a brother that died; it was a sister."

Took Her at Her Word.

Ardent Lover (on his knees)—Can you, then, doubt my affection, darling? It is eternal as the hills—everlasting as the valleys. All I ask, sweetheart, is your hand.

Languid Beauty—Ask me paw, Georgie.

Ardent Lover (rising from his knees)—Aher—then, your paw, darling.—*The Wasp.*

A LIFE SENTENCE

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CHAPTER XVII.

"It is all over," said Maurice Evandale, looking gravely at the dead woman's face. "It is all over, and may God have mercy upon her soul!"

He left Sabina, who was sobbing hysterically as she sat huddled up in the chair on which he had placed her, and came to Enid's side. She turned to him with sorrowful appeal.

"Is she dead? Can nothing be done?"

"Nothing. Come away, Miss Vane; this is no place for you. One moment! Have you anything to say to this woman? Have you any charge to bring?"

He pointed to Sabina as he spoke, and she, roused for an instant, raised a mute terrified face from her hands and seemed to shrink still lower in her chair, as if she would willingly have hidden herself and her secret, whatever it might be, out of sight of all the world. She waited—waited—evidently with dread—for the accusation that she expected from Enid's lips. The rector waited also, but the accusation did not come. There was a moment's utter silence in the chamber of death.

"Have you anything to say?" asked Maurice Evandale at last.

Then Enid spoke.

"No," she answered, with quivering lips; "I can say nothing. I—I forgave her—before she died;" and then she turned away and went swiftly out of the room, leaving the others to follow or linger as they pleased.

Sabina rose from her chair and stood as if dazed, regardless of her position. All her fierceness and defiance had left her; her face was white, her eyes were downcast, her hands hung listlessly at her side. The rector paused and spoke.

"You hear what Miss Vane said?"

She made no answer.

"I do not know what you or your mother may have done. Some secret guilt evidently weighed upon her soul. Whatever it may be, she confessed her guilt and received forgiveness. Sabina Meldreth, in the presence of your dead mother and of your living God, I call upon you to do the same. If you would find mercy in the hour of your own death, confess your sin, whatever it may be, and you shall be forgiven."

Still she stood silent and almost motionless, but her teeth gnawed at her white lips as if to bite them through.

"You will have no better time than the present," said the rector. "If there is anything that you feel should be confessed, confess it now. It is God's voice calling to you, not mine. Your mother cleared her conscience before she died; do you the same. I bid you in God's name."

Maurice Evandale did not often speak after this fashion; he was no fanatic, no bigot, but he believed intensely in the great eternal truths which he preached, and in the presence of death—in the presence also, as he believed, of mortal sin—he could not do less than appeal to what was the highest and best in the nature of the woman before him. What she had to accuse herself of he could not possibly imagine; but he knew that there was something. By the dead woman's incoherent words, by Sabina Meldreth's violence, by Enid's stricken look of perplexity and pain, he knew that something lay hidden which could not be too speedily told. The winter's day was drawing to a close. Through the uncurtained window the light stole dimly, and the reddened coals in the hearth threw but a feeble gleam into the room. In every corner shadows seemed to cluster, and the dead woman's face looked horribly pale and ghastly in the surrounding gloom. The rector waited with a feeling that the moment was unutterably solemn, that it was fraught with the destiny of a suffering, sinning human being—for aught he knew with the destinies of more than one. Suddenly the woman before him threw up her hands as if to shut out the sight of her dead mother's face.

"I have nothing to tell you—nothing!" she cried. "What business have you here? You teased my mother out of her last few minutes of life, and now you want to get the mastery over me! It's my house now, my room—not my mother's—and you may go out of it."

"Is that all you have to say," asked the rector, gravely—"even in her presence, Sabina Meldreth?"

"Yes, that's all," she answered, the old fierceness creeping back into her tones. "What else should I have to say? I suppose you can have me taken up for assault; Miss Vane will bear witness in your favor fast enough, no doubt. I don't care!"

"Do you not care even when you think what I kept you back from?" said Mr. Evandale.

"Your mother was old, weak, dying, and you threw yourself upon her with violence. You will remember that some day, and will bless me perhaps because I withheld your hand. Your attack upon me matters nothing. I am willing to believe that you did not know what you were doing. I will leave you now—it is not seemly that we should discuss this matter any further. But, if ever you want help or counsel—and the day may come, poor woman, when you may want both—then come to me.

He opened the door, went out, and closed it behind him, leaving Sabina Meldreth alone with the dead.

He found two or three women downstairs already; Enid Vane must have told Polly, as she passed through the shop, that Mrs. Meldreth's end had come. As soon as he had gone, two of them went upstairs to perform the necessary offices in the chamber of death. They found Sabina stretched on the floor in a swoon, from which it was long before she recovered.

"You wouldn't ha' thought she had so much feeling in her," said one of the women to the other, as they ministered to her wants.

Meanwhile the rector strode down the village street, straining his eyes in the twilight and glancing eagerly from side to side, in his endeavor to discover what had become of Miss Vane. He knew that she had probably never been out so late unattended in her life before; lonely as her existence seemed to be, she was well cared for, anxiously guarded, and surrounded by every possible protection. He had been surprised to find her in Mrs. Meldreth's cottage so late in the afternoon. Only the exigencies of the situation had prevented him from following her at once when she left the house—only the stern conviction that his duty not, for the sake of Miss Vane's bodily safety and comfort, neglect Sabina Meldreth's soul. But, when he felt that his duty to the cottage was over, he sallied forth in search of Enid Vane. She had been wearing a long fur-lined cloak, he remembered, and on her head a little fur toque to match. The colors of both were dark; at a distance she could not be easily distinguished by her dress. And she had at least three corners of a mile to walk—from the village, down-hill by the lane, past the fir plantation where her father had been found murdered, and a little way along the high-road—before she would reach her own park gate. The rector, like all strong men, was very tender and pitiful to the weak. The thought of her feeling nervous and frightened in the darkness of the lane was terrible to him; he felt as if she ought to be guarded and guided throughout life by the fearless and the strong.

He walked down the street—it was a long straggling street such as often forms the main thoroughfare of a country village—but he saw nothing of Enid. At the end of the street were some better built houses, with gardens; then came the rectory and the church. He paused instinctively at the churchyard gate. Surely he saw something moving amongst the tombs over there by the railed-in plot of ground that marked the vault in which lay the mortal remains of Sydney and Marion Vane? Had she gone there? Was it Enid's slender form at crouched beside the railings in the attitude of helpless sorrow and despair?

The rector did not lose a moment in finding out. He threw open the gate, dashed down the pathway, and was scarcely astonished to discover that his fancy was correct. It was Enid Vane who had found her way to her parents' grave and had slipped down upon the frosted grass, half kneeling, half lying against the iron rails.

One glance, and Evandale's heart gave a leap of terror. Had she fainted, or was she dead? It was no warm, conscious, breathing woman whom he had found—it was a rigid image of death, as stiff, as sightless, as inanimate as the corpse that he had left behind. His bent down over her, felt her pulse and examined the pupils of her eyes. He had had some medical training before he came to Beechfield, and his knowledge of physiological details told him that this was no common faint—that the girl was suffering from some strange cataleptic or nervous seizure for which ordinary remedies would be of no avail.

The rector garden opened into the church yard. Maurice Evandale had not a moment's hesitation in deciding what to do. He lifted the strangely rigid, strangely heavy figure in his arms, and made his way along the shadowy churchyard pathway to the garden gate. The great black yews looked grim and ghostly as he left them behind and strode into his own domain, where the flowers were all dead and the leafless branches of the trees waved over their spectral arms above him as he passed. There was something indefinably unhomelike about a house in the prime of life and familiar places in the winter twilight. But Maurice Evandale, by an effort of his strong will, banished the bodeful fancy that came into his mind and fixed his thoughts entirely upon the girl he was carrying. How best to restore her, what to do for her comfort and her welfare when she awoke—these were the thoughts that engrossed his attention now.

He did not go to the front door. He went to a large window which opened upon his garden, and walked straight into his own study. A bright fire burned in the grate; a lamp was placed on the table, where books and papers were heaped in true bachelor confusion. A low broad sofa occupied one side of the room; the rector deposited his burden upon it, and then devoted himself seriously to the consideration of the case before him.

Enid lay white, motionless, rigid, where he had placed her; her eyelids were not quite closed, and the eyes were visible between the lids; her lips were open, but the teeth were tightly closed; a slight froth showed itself about her mouth.

"It is no faint," the rector said to himself. "It is a fit, a nervous seizure of some sort. If she does not revive in a minute or two, I shall send for Ingledew"—Ingledew was the village doctor—"and in the meantime I'll act on my own responsibility."

Certain reviving measures were tried by him, and apparently with success. The bluish whiteness of the girl's face changed to a more natural color, her teeth relaxed, her eyelids drooped. Evandale drew a quick breath of relief when he saw the change. He was able to pour a few drops of brandy down her throat, to chafe the unresisting hands, to bathe the cold forehead, with some hope of affording relief. He did all as carefully and tenderly as if he had been a woman, and he did not seem to wish for any other aid. Indeed he had locked the door when he first came in, as if to guard against the chance of interruption.

Presently he heard her sigh; then tears appeared on her lashes and stole down her cheeks. Her limbs fell into their accustomed attitude, she put up her hand at last with a feeble uncertain movement, as if to wipe away her tears.

Evandale stood a little—almost out of her sight. He did not want to startle her.

"Where am I?" she said, in a tremulous voice.

"You are at the rectory, Miss Vane," said Maurice Evandale quietly. "You need not be at all alarmed; you may have heard that I am something of a doctor, and, as I found that you did not seem well, I took the liberty of bringing you here."

"I don't remember," she said softly, opening her blue eyes and looking at him—wistfully, he noticed, but with a kind of wistful trust which appealed to all the tenderness of his nature. "Did I faint?" There was a slight emphasis on the last word.

"You were unconscious for a time," said the rector. "But I hope that you feel better now."

She gave him a curious look—whether of shame or of reproach he could not tell—then buried her face in the pillows and began to cry quietly, with her fingers before her eyes.

"My dear Miss Vane, can I not do anything for you? I will call the housekeeper," said the rector, driven almost to despair by the sight of her tears. "It was always very painful to him to see a woman cry.

"No, no!" she said, raising her head for a moment. "No, don't call any one, please; I shall be better directly. I know what was the matter now."

She dried her eyes and tried to calm herself, while the rector stood by the table in the middle of the room, nervously turning over books and pamphlets, and pretending not to see that she was crying still.

"Mr. Evandale," she said at length, "I don't know how to thank you for being so kind. I must tell you—"

"Don't tell me anything that is painful to you, Miss Vane!"

"It will not be painful to tell you after your great kindness to me. I—I am subject to these attacks. The doctors say that they do not exactly understand the case, but they think that I shall outgrow them in course of time. I have not had one for six months till to-night." She burst into tears again.

"But, my child"—he could not help saying—the words slipped from his lips against his will—"there is nothing to be so troubled about; a little faintness now and then—many people suffer from it."

"Ah, you do not understand!" she said quickly. "It is not faintness at all. I am often quite conscious all the time. I remember now how you found me and brought me here. I was not insensible all the time, but I cannot move or speak when I have one of those fits. I have had so ever since—ever since my father died." She lowered her voice, as if she were telling something that was terrible to her.

"I am sorry for you, indeed, kindly—"It is an affection of the nerves, which you will get over when you are stronger. I hope that you do not make a trouble of that?" His eyes looked steadily into hers, and he noted with pain the strange shadow that crossed them as he gazed.

"My uncle and his wife," she murmured, "will not let anybody know. They are—they are ashamed of it and of me. If I do not get better they say that I shall some day go out of my senses. It is terrible—terrible to feel a doom of this sort hanging over one, and to know that nothing can avert it! I had hoped that it was all over—that I should not have another attack; but you see—you see that I hoped in vain! It is like a black shadow always hanging over me, and nothing—nothing will ever take it away!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

For a moment even the stout-hearted rector was appalled. But Enid, although she was watching him intently, could not read anything but unfaltering sympathy and ready cheer in the glance that he gave her and the words that rose immediately to his tongue.

"Courage! Doctors are very often wrong," he said. "Besides, I do not see why such an ending should be feared, even if there were any constitutional tendency of the kind in your family, which there is not."

"No, said Enid, less timidly than before; "I believe there is not. I have asked."

"Your attacks are only nervous, my dear Miss Vane. The very fact of your having—foolishly, I think—been told the doctors' theories has made it less possible for you to strive against the malady; and yet you say that it has not made progress lately. You have not been ill in this way for six months?"

"No, not for six months."

"Don't you see that the excitement and fatigue of to-day's expedition and the sad scene which we have just witnessed would be likely to increase any ailment of the nerves? You know you do not argue anything from what has happened to-day. Forgive me, the rector broke off to say, with a smile—"I am talking like a doctor to you, and my medical skill is small indeed. It is only large enough to enable me to assure you, Miss Vane, of my conviction that your fears are unfounded, and that you are tormenting yourself to no purpose. Will you try to take my advice and turn your thoughts away from this unhappy subject?"

"I will try," answered Enid, with rather a bewildered look. "But," she added a moment later, "I thought that I ought always to be on my guard; and one cannot be on one's guard without thinking about the matter."

"Who told you that you ought to be always on your guard?"

"Floss—I mean Mrs. Vane. She is very kind, and watches me constantly. Oh, I forgot," said the girl, starting to her feet and clasping her hands before her with a look of wretched nervous terror which went to the rector's heart—"I forgot—I forgot—"

"What did you forget?" said Evandale, wondering for a moment whether him mead was not unhinged by all that she had passed through that afternoon. Then, touched by her evidence of distress, he spoke on lightly, "I have been forgetting that you will be missed at the Hall by this time, and that the whole country-side will be on the qui vive for you to go back at once. I will send for a carriage and drive down with you, if you will allow me."

Enid sank back on the sofa and leaned listlessly. Mr. Evandale left the room, and sent in his absence a comfortable-looking old housekeeper with wine and biscuits, offers of tea and coffee, and all sorts of medicaments suitable to a young lady who had been faint and unwell—as was only to be expected after witnessing the death of Mrs. Meldreth. No young lady or person having expired quite suddenly that afternoon when Miss Vane and Mr. Evandale drove back at her bedside, Enid was not inclined to accept any of Mrs. Heale's attentions, but, out of sheer dislike to hurting her feelings she at last accepted a cup of tea, and was glad of the mental and bodily warmth which it brought to her cold and tired limbs. And then Mr. Evandale returned.

"There is no carriage at the inn," he said; "and I am sorry to say, Miss Vane, that I do not possess one that would suit you—I have only a high dog-cart and a mare; so I have taken the liberty of sending down to the Hall and telling Mrs. Vane that you are here; and she will no doubt send a carriage for you. I have a little note to her—it was the best thing, I thought, that I could do."

"Yes," said Enid, almost inaudibly. Then she leaned back and closed her eyes, looking as if she felt sick and faint.

Mrs. Heale glided away, in obedience to a nod from her master, and the rector was once more alone with Enid Vane.

"I hope," he said, with a slight hesitation which was rather graceful in a man of his commanding stature and singularly dignified bearing—"I hope, Miss Vane, you will not think that I have been intrusive when I tell you that I have treated Sabina Meldreth to confess anything that might weigh upon her conscience, as her mother had confessed, to you."

A great wave of crimson suddenly passed over Enid's pallid cheeks and brow. She raised a pair of startled eyes to the rector's face, and then said quickly:

"Did she tell you?"—"No, Miss Vane, she did not."

"Then you will promise me," said Enid, with sudden earnestness, "never to speak of it?"

"How can I do that? It may be my duty to ask her for her soul's sake; you would be the last to counsel me to be silent then."

"Oh, but you do not understand! I know now—I know what is weighing upon Sabina Meldreth's mind; and I have forgiven her."

"It was a wrong done to you?"—"Yes—to me."

"And to no one else?"—Enid's head dropped. "I don't know—I can't tell. I must think it over."

"Yes—think and pray," said the rector gravely, but tenderly; "and remember that truth should always prevail."

"I know—I believe it; but it would do more harm than good."

"Miss Vane, if I am indiscreet, I trust you will pardon me. If by any chance this confession has reference to the death of your father, Mr. Sydney Vane, it is your duty to make it quietly, with her fingers before her eyes.

The girl looked up with an expression of relief. "It does not bear on that subject at all, Mr. Evandale."

"I am glad. You will forgive me for alluding to it? A wild fancy crossed my mind that it had something to do with that."

"I shall never forget your kindness," said Enid, gratefully.

"And, if you are in perplexity—in any trouble—will you trust me to all for you that is in my power? If you ever want help, you will remember that I am ready—ready for all—all that you might require."

He rather finished his speech, which was perhaps fortunate for him. With Enid's soft eyes, slightly distressed and appealing in expression, looking straight into his own, with her pleadingly before him of her pale wistful face, the lovely lips of which had fallen into so pathetic a curve of weariness and sorrow, how could the rector be expected to preserve his self-possession? His thoughts and his words became confused; he did not quite know what he was saying, nor whether she heard and understood him aright. He was glad to remember afterwards that the expression of her countenance did not change; he brought neither alarm nor astonishment; to her eyes; there were only gentle gratitude and a kind of hopelessness, the meaning of which he could not fathom, in the girl's still pleading face. But at that moment a footment a knock came to the door; and, half to the rector's relief, half to his embarassment, the gentle vision had vanished.

"Ah, thank Heaven she is here!" were the old man's first words. "We thought she was lost, Mr. Evandale—we did indeed. I met your messenger on the way to the Hall, and sent him on for the carriage. A pretty time you've given us, young lady!" he said, smiling at Enid and pinching her cheek, and kissing the rector's hand with a look of relief and gratitude which told its own story.

"Mr. Vane has been in great deal distressed and upset," said Mr. Evandale. "She was at Mrs. Meldreth's bedside when the old woman died this afternoon, and the scene was naturally very painful. I brought her home, lest she might rest and recover herself a little before going home."

He started to explain and simplify matters for Enid's benefit; he had grasped the fact that her uncle's entrance was making her exceedingly nervous. He was afraid of her on the gentleman's anger, but it afterwards occurred to him that Mrs. Meldreth's confession might, for some reason or other, be the cause of her agitation. Certainly she had made a confession were at that moment very marked. She had risen from her seat at his entrance, her color changing to crimson and then to dead white more than once during the rector's speech. It settled at last into a painful pallor, which so impressed the general than he did not even administer the gentle rebuke which he had intended Enid to receive for her infringement of the rules on which her life was based. He could not scold her when she stood before him, pale to the very lips, her eyelids cast down, her hands joined together and nervously trembling, a very embodiment of conscious guilt and shame.

Self-Detention.

Prof. L. E. Phantasia—What's the trouble there, Selim?

Selim (for professional purposes only)—Please, sir, Pluto thinks he's ketched th' boy-instructor, an' he won't budge.—*Puck.*

(To be Continued.)

"Bless my soul, she does look upset, and no mistake!" he exclaimed, in the hearty and impulsive way. "Come, my dear—don't be so miserable about it. I dare say you did not know how late it was, and the poor woman could not be left. Yes, I quite understand; and I will explain it all to your aunt. Sit down and rest until the carriage comes, as the rector does not mind our invasion of his study."

(To be Continued.)

The Man With the Coonskin Cap.

One night a year ago there were half a dozen of us to go to the village hotel in the rickety old bus, and among the crowd was a solemn-looking old chap, dressed in very plain goods and wearing a coonskin cap. It was the typical village hotel landlord in the bar-room, a very fresh young man behind the register, mightly little for supper, and that poorly cooked, and the room was not very inviting. The old man with the coonskin cap was treated very brusquely by the clerk, and the frowsy-headed waiter girl didn't seem to care whether he had anything to eat or not. He didn't say much, but it was evident that he was mad.

After supper the landlord and "Coonskin" had a private confab. When it was ended the old man came downstairs, opened the front door, and then turned to the clerk and said:

"You girl!"

"What do you mean?"

"I have rented this hotel. Skip!"

The clerk put on his coat and hat and walked out. Then "Coonskin" sent word to the cook and waiter girl to be out in half an hour, for the hostler to be gone by midnight, and for the barkeeper to vacate by noon the next day. He kindly allowed us to stop over night, but we had to get our breakfast at a bakery. By noon the doors of the hotel were nailed up, signs of "Closed" posted, and as we footed it down to the depot the solemn old man thawed out sufficiently to observe.

"I'm after seven more of 'em along this line of railroad, and if I can shut 'em up the public will be in my debt. I have figured it out to my satisfaction, and I find, by Gosh, that three-fifths of the crime in this country is incited by poor hotel keeping."

An Unappreciated Partner.

Bilkins—How is business, Wilkins?

Wilkins—Can't tell you. At this rate I'll be bankrupt in another month. I don't seem to have any head for business.

Guest of Mr. Wilkins (ten years after)—What a magnificent place you have here—everything that wealth could buy or heart wish! You have been wonderfully prosperous, Mr. Wilkins.

Mr. Wilkins (sadly)—True, but after all, I get only half the profits of my great establishment. I just tell you, my old friend, the mistake of my life was in taking a partner.

He Got the Quarter.

"If I gave you a cent, Bobbie, what would you do with it?"

"I'd buy a post-card and write to you for a quarter."—*Harper's Bazar.*

More to the Point.

An English lady of great beauty and attraction who was an ardent admirer of Ireland crowned her praises of it at a party by saying: "I think I was meant for an Irishwoman."

"Come, be candid, madam," said Lover, who was present, "and millions will say you were meant for an Irishman."

Siderial.

"Genevieve," exclaimed the amber-eyed Sukin, "I pass the planet around which my hopes revolve; it is for you I constantly sigh, dear."

"My stars!" returned Clara, "but that's heavenly; it's so sigh-dear-ial, you know."

A Man With a Pull.

George—What a fine building that is across the way.

Charles—Yes, yes; but the owner built it out of the blood, the sinews and groans of his fellow men; out of the grief of crying children and the woes of wailing women.

George—Ah! A rumseller, of course. Yes, I know.

Charles—Oh, no; he's a dentist!

A South Sea Ile.

"See old Jaggins over there! He's as rich as Crœsus; made it in some South Sea Isle, I believe."

"Yes. Whale ile, wasn't it?"

A Connecticut Kicker.

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THE STORY OF AN ERROR

By the Author of "His Wedded Wife," "A Fatal Dower," "Barbara," "Ladybird's Penitence," "Bunchie," "A Foolish Marriage," etc.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

Sir Humphrey Gerant had proposed to put off the house-parties which were to assemble at Eyncourt at the end of the week; but Stanley had entreated him not to do so. She felt that she would be grateful for anything which prevented the chance of solitude; and for once the thirst for excitement was comprehensible to her.

"Perhaps many of those women whom I designed for their frivolity have had a tragedy in their lives like mine," she said to herself; "and they hate solitude and loneliness as I, who loved them once, hate them now."

Besides, she felt to put off their guests at the last moment would arouse comment and suspicion. Of course the world would think her engagement was a thing of the past, but for Hugh's sake the reason of it must never be suspected. Engagements were broken every day for reasons which never transpired, and people indulged in various surmises during the nine days' wonder such events caused. People might talk of hers—as doubtless they would—but they should never know the truth.

That one night's anguish was all the indulgence she granted herself, although the bitter interview with Hugh had almost overcome her powers of self-restraint.

For some minutes after he had left them she stood leaning against her father, her face hidden; then she raised her head, showing a calm though ashy-pale countenance, and during all the day had displayed no further emotion.

Her father, wondering and moved, had not dared to intrude upon the sanctity of her woe, and looked at her with mingled pride and sorrow as she went about her duties, stately, cold, and composed, her voice calm and sweet as usual, although the music seemed to have died out of it. Sometimes she felt astonished at her own calmness, and wondered if she was not cold and unfeeling. Her heart seemed to have died within her when she had thrown off her ring and bracelet and had then packed up with the other numerous and costly gifts she had received from Hugh and sent them back to him.

"That is over," she said to herself then, with a sudden sharp pang at her heart.

The house-party was to assemble on the Friday; on Thursday Lady Bateman and Lois were to arrive, her ladyship having generally assisted Stanley in her duties of hostess on these occasions. While discussing the arrangements with the housekeeper, the girl did not dare to remember how she had looked forward to the house-parties that year because Hugh was to be there and she would be so proud to present him to her friends and to see now he would impress them. She had thought how well he would look in the stately old rooms, and how her father too would have been proud of his future son. Once or twice, while Benson was unpacking the cases which had come from Paris, full of dainty garments for the festivities, Stanley, looking on, remembered how she had been influenced in their choice by Hugh's taste. The pretty gowns which Benson took so carefully from their wrappings of tissue-paper and displayed with such admiration were nearly all of a kind. Hugh liked her best in white, and one of his presents to her had been a necklet of large pearls—a single row of such size and purity that they were fit for a royal marriage-gift.

When she dressed for dinner that night, she put on a pink dress, hoping that the reflected brightness and paleness of her cheeks and hide it from her father's loving eyes. If he had not known her so well, she might have succeeded in deceiving him; for the pretty pink dress answered its purpose, and the girl's manner was bright and cheerful and charming. But Sir Humphrey could not get rid of the uneasiness and remembrance of her face on that terrible night when he had told her the truth and she had fallen helpless at his feet; all her forced smiles could not dispel that vision.

Once or twice on that day and the next Stanley asked herself if that night of agony in which she had so died a premature death was not a dream. She did not suffer now, she told herself, she never cried, she spoke in her ordinary voice; she gave her orders, she wrote letters, she attended to everything as usual. Her hand felt a little strange without the hoop of brilliants; she caught herself looking at it sometimes wonderingly. There was a strange hush and silence about the great house too—the rooms seemed empty and desolate, like her life! It would be a good thing, she thought, when Lois and Lady Bateman and the other guests came.

On the afternoon of that second day after Hugh's intrusion into the library, Stanley was alone in the smaller drawing room at Eyncourt—a pretty white-and-gold room, with panels in Watteau style and the furniture modelled since the time of George II. She shrank with a strange shrinking from her own sitting-room; it was haunted by memories, full of ghosts, she thought—ghosts which she could not face yet.

There was a fire on the hearth—for the weather was still wet and chilly—and Stanley, seated beside it in a tea-gown of soft golden-brown plush, had a book in her hand, which she was not reading. Sir Humphrey had driven to the county-town of Elford on business, she had been alone for some hours, and, after a feverish restless inspection of Benson's work and Mrs. Pullar's arrangements, she had taken up a book with a vain idea of losing herself in its contents. She had been sitting in her high-backed chair for nearly an hour, during which time she had not read a word, when she was aroused by the announcement of a visitor. She looked up vacantly, recalling her thoughts from their wanderings with a strong effort, then rose in amazement as her eyes rested upon Lady Sara Cameron.

There was a few moments' dead silence after the door closed upon the retreating servant. Tall, erect, stately, a sudden flush—half of pain, half of anger—tinting her white face, Stanley stood upon the white fur rug, the firelight shining upon her. Her book had fallen from her hand and lay at her feet. A sudden sense of anger was upon her. This was the woman to whom all their misery was due—to whose fatal deceit her son owed the suffering which had overtaken him!

Lady Sara, standing also, her slight figure wrapped in costly dark furs, her eyes bright with a feverish lustre behind her lace veil, saw the expression of coldness and indignation on the girl's face, and read it rightly. She advanced towards her with an air of dignity and humility which appealed to Stanley even at that moment.

"You did not expect to see me, Stanley," she said, gently and gravely. "Perhaps I ought not to have come; but I could not stay away.

"I am glad you have sufficiently recovered to leave the house, Lady Sara," returned Stanley coldly.

A faint sorrowful smile parted Lady Sara's lips. If she had been dying she would have come, she thought, as the girl, with the stately courtesy which was natural to her, moved forward a chair for her visitor. Lady Sara did not sit down, but moved a little nearer to Stanley.

"Stanley," she said, in sweet humble tones, "you have heard my shameful story; you know how I, through my sin, have darkened the lives of those whom I love as my own. Therefore you will guess what it costs me to come here to-day to plead with you for my son's sake."

Stanley's face hardened.

"It is useless, Lady Sara," she said quietly; "there is no need to distress yourself by doing so. We—your son and I—have parted forever. Our engagement was a mistake; and it ought never to have existed."

Lady Sara was astonished. This proud stern woman was a stranger to her, and quite unlike the girl whom she had once hoped to call her daughter.

"Do you think such ties are easily broken?" she asked unsteadily. "Besides, there is justice, Stanley. Is it just to visit my sin upon Hugh, who is innocent of all wrong?"

The girl did not answer. She dared not speak gently lest she should break down; and Lady Sara's piteous eyes were making her heart ache sorely.

"He has done no wrong," said the mother brokenly; "he is good and true and noble, and the secret which has been kept so long can be kept still. Sir Humphrey need fear nothing. No one shall know——"

"We should know," interposed Stanley. "Lady Sara, we have not acted without reflection. Your visit here—if to induce us to think differently is its only object—can be of no avail. But," she added more gently, "you will be weary of standing. Will you not sit down?"

"Perhaps you do not wish to see me," Lady Sara continued, not heeding the invitation; "perhaps you know enough only of our story to embitter you against me, and to make you fear lest the son of such a mother should be unworthy. But you need not. Hugh has inherited nothing from me but my shame," she went on, her head sinking forward upon her breast. "He is noble, generous, faithful, like his father, from whose lips I have never heard a word of reproach! Although"—she put her hands to her heart as she spoke—"his goodness has perhaps been a more cruel reproach than his anger would have been. I have suffered for my sin!

"I do not doubt your suffering," said Stanley, in a less frigid tone.

"And yet you add to it!" rejoined Lady Sara reproachfully. "Stanley"—she leaned forward, and tried to take the girl's reluctant hand in hers—"he is our only son, and you have broken his heart!"

"I!" Stanley drew back, raising her head haughtily. "Is that a fair accusation, Lady Sara?"

"No one mean that my sin has done so! Well, perhaps that is so; and yet, is there one woman in a thousand who, loving him, would send him from her because of his mother's sin?"

"It is unfortunate that I should have been that one woman," said Stanley bitterly; her pride was roused now, and, as she stood proud and erect, she looked like a young queen.

"If his shame had been public," Lady Sara returned, trembling more and more in her earnestness, "I could understand that you did not love him well enough to share it, because you are proud; but no one knows of it. Who could have informed your father must ever remain a mystery; and, when he had taken your name——

"Ah, you shudder—you think the name would be degraded if he bore it! And yet," the proud mother added, passionately, "where will you find a truer, nobler heart than his, or one more worthy? Stanley," she continued, raising her veil from her face with trembling fingers, "are you acting of your own volition? Has Sir Humphrey forced you to give Hugh up?"

"I am a free agent," replied Stanley.

"You are a free agent! Lady Sara repeated, in a stupefied tone. "You do not love him then?"

Stanley was silent; the lump rising in her throat made speech difficult just then.

"You never loved him," said Lady Sara; "it was not love—or, if it was, it was less than not love as the Cameronsn love! When my husband knew of my sin against him—knew that I was not his wife, that I had treacherously betrayed him—when he might have cast me out of his life without incurring an iota of blame from any one—when my health failed from my own selfish indigenous grief—he only showed me more tenderness, more love! Stanley, if Hugh had discovered a stain upon your birth, do you think he would not have polished you all the more tenderly and loved you all the more dearly?"

The sternness was dying out of Stanley's face; her eyes were glistening with pain. "If you were loved as I have loved, acted in her place—how tenderly he would have tried to make her forget, and how earnestly he would have striven to atone to her for so great a misfortune. But she was her father's daughter, and she had made her sacrifice upon the altar of filial duty.

"He does not blame you," the broken-hearted woman continued, in tremulous, sad tones; "no word of censure has passed his lips; he says you could not do otherwise, and he is content to abide by your decision. I need scarcely say that he does not know of my presence here to-day—no one knows of it; but I came because my heart was breaking for the sorrow of my boy's unhappiness and of his patient cheerful endurance. Stanley, some day you will understand! Nothing can make a father's heart like the sorrow of her child; and, when the reflection comes that the sorrow is caused by her sin, its bitterness is intense." With nervous hands she loosened the furs about her throat; she was breathing somewhat quickly, her lips were white and parched. "Have you thought" she went on faintly. "Have you considered, Stanley! You loved Hugh—ah, I have watched you jealously and I have always known that you loved him!—can you pass your life without him? You are not a woman to love and suppress your love at will; you will not easily put him out of your heart. You have suffered—ah, yes, I can see it in your face! But you will suffer more when you awaken to the knowledge how empty life is without love. For your own sake, Stanley, do not send Hugh away. He loves you so well that one word will bring him to your side again."

Stanley stood motionless; she could not yield and this scene was trying her almost beyond her strength.

"He, like his father, has no word of reproach for me," Lady Sara continued brokenly; "ah, whose life I have ruined, has no anger against me; but the thought that my sin has cost him all his happiness is breaking my heart. Do what can! I say to move you! Must I ask it on my knees? Oh, be merciful, and think how well he loves you!"

She sank upon her knees as she spoke, and with her trembling hands clutched the folds of Stanley's gown. The girl uttered a broken cry of horror as she tried to raise Hugh's mother.

"Stanley, no!" she said unsteadily. "Dear Lady Sara, do not kneel to me! I cannot do what you ask—I cannot!"

She had forced her to rise and had gently made her sit down; Lady Sara was exhausted and panting, and her head fell back upon the cushion of the chair. Stanley took one of her trembling hands in hers.

"I cannot!" she said, her voice tremulous from pain. "Lady Sara, I have promised my father—my duty is to him! Ah, do not leave me in anger!" she added earnestly, as the suffering mother rose and drew her furs around her with stiffening fingers. "Do you think I have not suffered—I, whose life seems over before I had begun to live? For I love Hugh——"

The girl's voice broke in a sob, and Lady Sara looked at her coldly.

"What is your love beside your pride?" she said bitterly. "I was mad to come—I might have guessed the result of my mission! I have humbled myself—I have humbled Hugh in vain! Let me go!"

She staggered as she moved towards the door. Stanley ran towards her, and, putting her arms around her, kissed her cheek.

"Forgive me!" she whispered. "Ask him to forgive me!"

Lady Sara pushed Stanley away with her trembling hands, and, when the girl drew back haughtily, her momentary tenderness had vanished. Lady Sara hurriedly opened the door and passed from the room.

For a moment Stanley stood quite still, gazing fixedly at the closed door; then, as she heard the sound of wheels upon the drive without, she crept slowly back to her chair by the fire. There were tears upon her face, and she shivered as if with cold.

(To be Continued.)

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," Saturday Night Office.]

W. Henry, Perth.—George Eliot died in 1880.

Widow.—Deceit, decision, impatience and pride.

Friend.—Indecision, caution and carefulness in detail.

Inglivir.—Decisive, energetic, self-reliant and obstinate.

Sylvia, Hamilton.—Patience, prudence and sensitiveness.

Cream, Withy.—Self-esteem, determination, heedlessness, nervous and highly sensitive nature.

Spendulex.—Tendency to exaggeration, impulsiveness, and keen appreciation of humor.

Sunbeam.—Fond of flattery, erratic and inclined to be "irresistibly attractive."

Golden Hair, Brantford. — Determination, frankness, sincerity and sensitiveness are shown here.

Allie.—Your writing denotes impulse, candor, originality, self-reliance and—a stub pen.

Sawo, Chatham.—Practical, affable, self-esteeming, persevering and susceptible to the influence of friends.

Roosenoyr.—Witty, original, self-willed, affectionate, shrewd and inclined to be sarcastic.

Caprice, Brantford.—Impulsive, erratic, selfish, inconsiderate and determined.

Dorovan.—Even-tempered, prudent, independent of spirit, rather undecided in action and a trifle suspicious.

Daisy.—Fond of admiration, decisive, courageous and obstinate.

Peggy.—Impulsive, energetic, ambitious, heedless and indecisive.

Nesta, Hamilton.—S. K. Hocking is the author of Ivy. Writing denotes irritability, suspicion, courage and self-will.

Mollie T.—Preseverance, frankness and amiability. 2. It could not be given, for, as a matter of fact, no one knows.

Beautiful Jim, Brantford.—Writing denotes independence, williness, fondness for admiration, practical nature, and self-esteem.

Phrenology.—You should consult a phrenologist. We do not give addresses in this column. Writing denotes perishness, caution, sensitiveness and self-esteem.

Mona Lisa, Oakville.—Ebb and Flow is by R. Andre. Your writing indicates intuitive perception, courage, amiability and much force of character. For the third question I can only say that we do not publish addresses of business firms.

T. T., Humorist.—Your penmanship displays a and lack of originality, considerable self-reliance, an inclination to "jump at conclusions" and a good deal of impulsiveness which should not be allowed to run riot. Yes, we think you could be a little funny if you practice for a long time.

Yolanthe.—Your letter bearing date December 1 just to hand. It has been waiting its turn among those which were yet to be answered. You wanted an answer before Christmas, and Christmas is past, but I will do my best. You do not fully explain affairs, I think; for I do not think you mentioned a proposal. It is perhaps a little hard to have how to act for the best; but I cannot think you are justified in doing anything at all. Friendship is one thing. Love is quite another. You must satisfy yourself that all your friends are lovers. Be thoroughly natural and do not think of marriage until you are sure you can live with some one.

Egbert Lyle.—1. No, I would not go alone. Try and get some married woman to accompany you. 2. Landseer. 3. Rub the hair with warm water and castile soap, using a soft fresh brush for the parts affected Then either gently press out the acne with the fingers or use a watch-key. Afterward's anoint the face with olive oil rubbed well in. 4. Probably the first mentioned is best. 5. Four boiling water on the cloth. That will remove the stains, if anything will. 6. You cannot put anything in it to effect such a wonderful change, the kneading and carefulness as to proportion of ingredients being the chief points to attend to. 7. Fairly large, but not noticeably so if you are stout in proportion to your height. 8. Your writing denotes indecision, frankness, impulsiveness and a bright and merry nature.

A Long Felt Want.

Friend (to editor)—Who is putting up for the new literary weekly!

Editor—A friend of mine, and he's got lots of money.

Friend—What particular long-felt want does the paper fill?

Editor—While it lasts it will give me plenty of bread with nice thick butter.—*Epoch.*

An Incentive.

"Have you really signed as pitcher on the nine?" she asked breathlessly.

"I have," he answered.

"Then I am ewers," she replied.—*Puck.*

Too Stylish.

Old Man Raggitt—Yep, I'm going furder west!

New Comer—Why, what's the matter?

"Gittin' too durn stylish yere for me."

"In what way?"

"What way? W'y, thunder, podner, over at the dance, last night, three uv the gents was a-wearin' coats an' mor'n half uv um had took off their spurs! First thing yer kno w know kaint tell this settlement from Boston! I'm goin' furder west!—*Texas Siftings.*

Rough on

Marjorie—Aren't you afraid that your flagrant coquetry may drive some of your admirers to desperation?

Ethel—It is a matter of indifference to me so long as they don't die in the house.—*Life.*

Consoling Her.

The Widow Bullion (to young Greathopes, engaged to her daughter)—Oh, his loss is so hard to bear!

Greathopes (who has been studying up consolatory phrases)—Yes; but we must remember that his loss is our eternal gain.—*Life.*

His Daughter Worked Harder.

A gaunt, haggard-looking man, whose business keeps him rushing from the opening until the close of every work day, was sympathized with a few days ago by a friend.

"I tell you, old man," said the friend, "you work too hard. Why don't you take things easy? You've got money enough to let things wag their own way now."

"We are a hard-working family," was the reply, "and when I get home I shall find the whole lot of us just as tired as I am, and nobody in the house feeling bright except the servants. My daughter used to be rosy and fresh looking until she began to go into society, and how she ever stands it now is more than I can tell. I don't know a man down town who works as hard as she does, and she keeps going every way at it when I'm sleeping."

"What does she do, for heaven's sake?"

"Well, I don't know everything she does, because I haven't reached the point of interest in her mode of enjoying herself to keep notes. She's in society. Don't you understand that? Well, I don't either, but that explanation seems to be all that is necessary from her when I advise her to let up and take a rest. I suppose she's got an end to keep up, and she's struggling hard to keep it elevated. I tell you. Yesterday she was up at eight o'clock, because she had to go out shopping. She came in a luncheon pretty well fagged out. This afternoon she had a dozen calls to make, and when she came in to dinner she looked so poorly I felt tired for her. She came in along toward midnight, but this didn't prevent her from getting up this morning at eight o'clock again. So far, she belongs to a literary club that meets on Tuesday, a Dorcas circle that meets on Wednesday, a debating club that meets on Thursday, a dancing class that meets on Friday, and a missionary club that meets on Saturday. Then her nights are taken up with a bowling club, a progressive euchre club, a theatre club, receptions, balls, parties and the aforementioned dude. Sandwiched between all these are innumerable social calls, luncheons and such things. Sundays are roaring days with her, too. She is a teacher in a Sunday school, and she never misses evening service. Of course she has a good many other things to look after, but I can't recollect what they are just now. I lead a lazy life as compared with the life she leads. Being in business isn't half as hard as being in society."—*N. Y. Sun.*

An Irishman was told by a teacher that his charge for tuition was two guineas the first month, and one guinea the second.

"Then, be jabers," said the pupil, "I'll begin the second month now."

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Life on a Modern War Ship (3 articles),
Homes in City, Suburb, and Country,
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The Citizen's Rights,
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I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, for several years, in cases of severe Colds and Throat and Lung Diseases. I have always found it a speedy and effectual remedy for these ailments.—Samuel Bement, Principal Bement's Institute, Phila., Pa.

I cannot say too much in praise of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have used it in my family many years, and always with perfect satisfaction. It never fails.—Mrs. R. F. McKeen, New Gretna, N. J.

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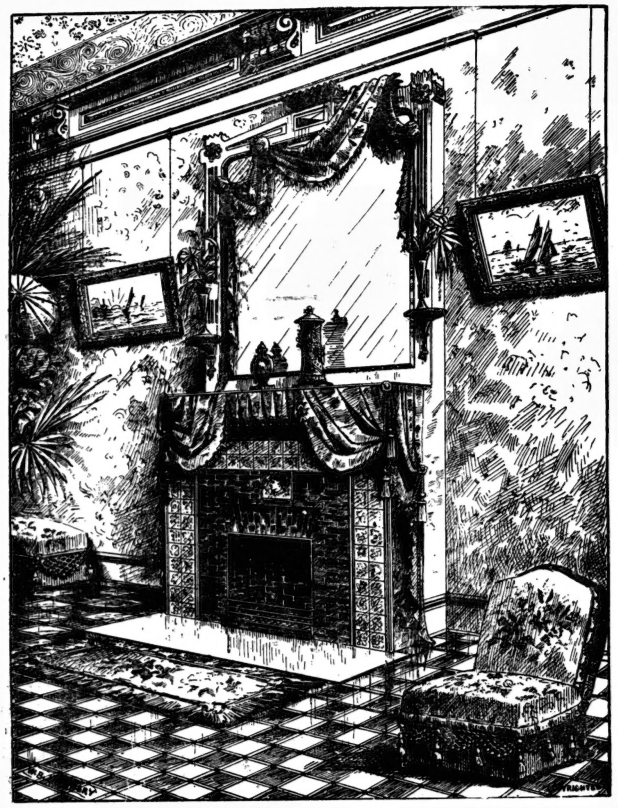

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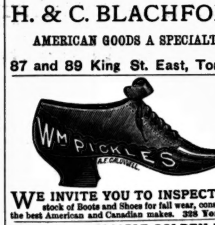

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The Power of the Human Eye.

"Did you ever try the power of magnetism as expressed through the eye?" asked a friend of mine at the the theater recently. "It's interesting. I've been developing the faculty of late, and have great fun out of it. Last week as I sat over there on the side of the parquet circle, I saw several rows of chairs ahead of me a young lady of my acquaintance. She was sitting so that she would have to turn clear around to look at me, and I thought it a good chance to test my power. I called the attention of my companion to her and said: 'Now watch me make her look around.' Then I concentrated my gaze on the back of her bonnet and my mind on the idea of controlling her action. By and by she began to look around the house rather nervously, glancing everywhere, and then she turned clear around and looked straight into my eyes. I met her afterward and told her about it, and she told me that she didn't know what caused her to do so unusual a thing, but she felt impelled to, and had done it before she thought.

"I've tried it lots of other times. I was at a musicale the other evening, and during one or two painful numbers picked out acquaintances around the house and made them look at me. Each time the person I had settled on would grow fidgety, and his eyes would roam about the audience—sometimes up at the ceiling and then at the floor—but invariably at last they would look straight into mine. It's psychic communication—the power of one mind over another—and is called a lot of different things by different people. Now there's an acquaintance down there—that man slouched down in his seat with gray hair and a bald spot; see me make him look around."

My friend knitted his brows and looked at the bald spot intently for five minutes without making it wince. Then he frowned ominously and his gaze grew more piercing. Still no effect. After fifteen minutes of this he gave it up, saying the man never had no mind anyway. At the close of the performance an usher went down and awakened the man with the bald spot. He had been asleep.—*Chicago Mail.*

He Got Ahead of Them.

The inhabitants of Sydney are justly very proud of their beautiful bay, and invariably the first question they put to visitors is: "What do you think of our harbor?" This inquiry was answered in a unique way by the commander of H.M.S. Nelson. When this vessel steered into the harbor a large board was seen hanging over her side, and to the amusement of the Sydneyites, there was painted upon it in gigantic letters, "We like your harbor very much."

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

bonnet was also gray, decorated with pink rose buds, and she carried a bouquet of pink roses.

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Among the gifts were noted: Many handsome etchings, the complete works of Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Ruskin, a uniquely-carved table (the work of a friend of the bride's), a handsome piano lamp, bronze five o'clock tea-kettle, fancy China cabinet, screen of bolting cloth, embellished with delicate brush-work, doylexs with painted sprays and appropriate mottoes, a set of cups with fern pattern in hand painting, silver tea-service, silver in cases and candelabra.

•

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Edward Blake, Messrs. Edward and Samuel Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Blake, Miss K. Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Betts of London, Messrs. Croynyn of London, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Wrong, Mr. and Mrs. Morrison and Miss Smith.

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Mr. and Mrs. Blake, after receiving the congratulations of their friends, took the 4 55 train for a wedding journey in the eastern provinces.

•

Society was well represented at the Grand on Monday night last. It would be impossible to say definitely how many of Dame Fashion's gay daughters were there or to give a list of even half of them, but among the eager faces these were noticed: Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mrs. Bankes, Mrs. Nordheimer, Miss Castle, Mrs. Henry Duggan, Mrs. Gamble, Dr. and Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Mr. H. Gamble, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Merritt, Mrs. and the Misses King-Dodds.

•

Two boxes were occupied by the guests of Mr. Dugald McMurchy's theatre party. Among them were: Mr. and Mrs. McCulloch, Miss Rutherford, Mr. and Miss Michie, Mr. R. C. Rutherford, Mr. H. Bolton, Miss Walker and Miss Wadsworth.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Betts and the Messrs. Cronyn of London were the guests of Hon. Edward Blake during the past week.

•

On New Year's night a merry company gathered at the residence of Mr. James Alison, Murray street, to witness the marriage of Miss Alison to Mr. J. S. Conning. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Wm. Patterson, assisted by Dr. McTavish. Misses Alison and Conning attended the bride, and Messrs. N. P. Tolling and P. E. Nichol acted as groomsmen.

•

The bride wore a traveling gown of fawn cloth, with a small bonnet *en suite* and carried a bouquet of hyacinths, roses and begonia. Miss Alison's dress was electric blue silk, and Miss Conning's the same shade of nun's veiling.

•

The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Rennie, Miss Maud Hughes, Miss Helen Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Boon, Mr. Wm. Hunter, Mr. Allan Hilton, Mr. and Mrs. Caswell, Mr. and Mrs. McCausell, Mrs. Patterson, Dr. and Mrs. McTavish, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Britton, Mr. and Mrs. Bain, Mr. and Mrs. Fortier, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Alison, Mr. and Mrs. Millar of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Alison, Mr. and Mrs. R. Conning, Mr. and Mrs. Kinnear, Mr. and Mrs. Corbitt, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Little, Mr. John Smith of Mount Albert, Miss Burnett, Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Close, Mr. and Mrs. Hannah, Mr. and Mrs. Windrum.

•

Among the many gifts were noted: Dinner service, silver tea-service, cutlery, silver ice-pitchers, Japanese cabinet, Doulton and Crown Derby ware, silver in cases and many pieces of plate of various kinds.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Conning received the congratulations of their friends, sat down to a delightful repast prepared by R. J. Lloyd, caterer, then took the eleven o'clock train for a wedding journey through the middle states.

•

Mrs. A. Morgan Cosby of Maplehyrn entertained a few of her large circle of friends with afternoon tea, on Thursday, January 2, which was most enjoyable.

•

Miss Spratt is spending a few days with Miss Bunting of Queen's Park.

•

Mrs. Hoskins of 49 Murray street gave a large dance last evening, full particulars of which will appear in next week's issue.

•

Miss Amy Riordan is At Home to about eighty young people on Thursday evening, January 9, at eight o'clock.

•

Mrs. Mulock of Jarvis street had a large young people's party on Thursday evening, January 2.

•

The Misses Parsons of Queen's Park will entertain a few friends this evening.

•

Mrs. Ridout of Wellington street west is giving an evening party for her grandchildren, the Misses Violet and Chattie Langmuir, on Tuesday, January 7, at 8 o'clock.

•

Mrs. Telfer of 72 St. Alban's street gave an enjoyable party on Wednesday—New Year's night.

•

It may interest Toronto society people who have been entertaining, and have been entertained by, the Kendals this week to read how Mrs. Kendal was "discovered." The following extract is from Mapleson's Memoirs. He says: "I was with Titiens, Mario and other great artists on a tour in northern England in October, 1866, and on one occasion at Hull, a full rehearsal of the Huguenots was necessary in consequence of a new singer having joined the company. Both Mario and Titiens complained of the incident and wondered how they were to finish the rehearsal in time to dine by a quarter past three, it being a general rule with artists not to eat later than that hour when they have to sing the same evening. We began the rehearsal early; and it was not until after two that it was concluded. The dinner being nearly ready at the hotel, I went in a carriage to bring Mario and Titiens back from the theater without loss of time. At a quarter past three I found them both sitting in the stalls witnessing a morning performance at which Miss Madge Robertson was playing in a piece called A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing. So riveted to the spot were Titiens and Mario—both exclaiming 'Do not disturb us, let us wait a little longer' —that it was nearly five o'clock before I got them home, when it was, of course, too late to dine. Not that they regretted this. They both told me that I ought to write to every London manager telling them what a charming actress they had discovered."

•

Mr. James Lugsdin, who has given up his business as wholesale furrier here and is going to reside in Minneapolis, was before his departure dined at Clow's restaurant by his friends and presented with an address. He also received a valuable walking stick, a gift from his employes. At a reception held at the Rossin House, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Ludsgin were called upon by a large number of friends, who expressed their regrets for their departure and wished them all success in their new home.

•

A successful At Home was held on Monday evening, December 30, at the rooms of the Oriole B. B. Club, music, cards, boxing and fencing, being among the amusements provided for the first part of the evening's entertainment after which a choice programme was rendered.

•

Mr. C. W. Webb, B. A., has returned to Toronto after an absence of six years in Melbourne, Australia. He has entered the Medical School and is at present the guest of his brother, Mr. T. Fred Webb, 88 Avenue road.

•

J. Enoch Thompson, K.C.L., has been appointed Consul of Spain for the Province of Ontario.

•

The Royal Canadian Yacht Club ball is to take place on February 7, and will be the most brilliant affair of the kind ever given by that popular club. It will probably be held in the Academy of Music, using the art gallery for the supper room.

•

Capt. and Mrs. Manley have returned to town from their wedding tour.

•

Mr. W. J. Romaine-Walsh of Toronto, who for the past year and a half has been studying at the Lyceum Dramatic School, New York, is at present visiting his home on Cecil street for a couple of weeks. He is now a member of the Clara Morris company.

•

Miss Score of Woodlands left last week for St. Paul, Minn., where she will visit Mr. and Mrs. Thos. W. Score during the winter festivities. Mr. Score left for the west three or four years ago and has done remarkably well.

•

The twenty-first annual conversazione of York Lodge, A. F. & A. M., will be held in the Town Hall, North Toronto, on Friday evening, January 10. Members of the craft and their friends are cordially invited. Complete arrangements have been made and a very pleasant time is anticipated.

Mrs. Kendal Off the Stage.

Mrs. Kendal was very busy now, but if I could wait for ten minutes she would be at liberty.

This was the message the porter brought, and I waited.

At the end of the appointed time I was ushered into the lady's private sitting-room, where she joined me a few moments later.

The English actress in her everyday *role* of Mrs. Kendal is, in appearance, just such an Englishwoman as one often meets.

She is tall and moderately stout, with a fresh complexion and brown eyes and hair. The hair is pretty in color, soft, fine and carelessly arranged.

Mrs. Kendal's voice is high-pitched, strong and resonant. Her manner is brusque and reminds me somewhat of Peg Woffington as presented by Rose Coghlan.

In Helen Barry and Mrs. Kendal I found this point in common—a dignified self-possession added to a seemingly uncontrollable spirit of mischief.

Toronto weather was not at all nice in Mrs. Kendal's estimation.

"It is not nearly as delightful as Montreal weather, for," she cried, "you have no snow."

"There," she continued, "I went sleighing every day, and I love it."

Here an elderly Scotch lady entered, bringing Mrs. Kendal a bouquet of roses, and the conversation turned to Canadian customs.

"Canadian women do not take seasonable food," said Mrs. Kendal. "Why, you eat ice creams at Christmas! That is wrong—very wrong. And the ice water! You should not take ice water in winter. When Mr. Kendal and I travel on the continent, as we do for a holiday every year, we make it a point not to drink water at all. We should be ill all the time if we did. Here a Canadian woman will take a bath, and then drink ice-water."

Mrs. Kendal's face expressed her opinion of the transgressor, and then she continued: "Another thing, you keep your rooms too warm here—steam on until one is overheated, then a rush into the cold air, which gives a dry skin. The first thing I do when I come into an hotel is to turn off the steam; then I have a fire in the grate, you know, and open the window a little. The room here," she explained, glancing about, "is just as the temperature of my own home would be."

Mrs. Kendal says that her first appearance on the stage was in the *role* of Eva in Uncle Tom's Cabin. "Uncle Tom was a white man blacked," she explained, "and I have always been so interested in the blacks on that account. When we were in Baltimore, I said to Mr. Kendal that I should like to have a pickaninny; and that I was almost sorry slavery had been abolished. 'Why, my dear,' he replied, 'what would you do with him?' 'Put him in buttons and send him to the park with the children and the donkeys,' I made answer."

Again the conversation turned upon food.

"Soup to warm one," laughed Mrs. Kendal, merrily, "and ice water to cool off."

"Yes," added the Scotch lady, "and the ice-water freezes the grease of the soup."

This last statement made, in all earnestness and with the prettiest of careful Scotch accents, struck me as being very droll.

I tried not to be too obviously amused, but I took my leave in a very few minutes.

ELMINA.

A Proper Respect for Learning.

A doctor was called into a house to see a dying man, and when he saw the man's condition, he said to the wife: "He's dead, poor man."

To the astonishment of all in the room, the "deceased" suddenly raised himself up, and said "I'm nothing of the sort."

"Whisht, man," said the wife, "the doctor should know best."

New Era in Dentistry.

Teeth extracted absolutely without pain without the use of chloroform, ether or vitalized air. Patterson & Fenton, dentists, 169 College street, Toronto, make the most important dental announcement ever made to the Toronto public when they say that a means of extracting teeth without the least pain has been discovered, and that too without producing unconsciousness or in any way interfering with a person's ordinary condition. The method is perfectly harmless, even to a little child or to those having heart or lung trouble. For many years electricity has been experimented with to produce the results accomplished by the Dental Electric Vibrator, but always heretofore unsuccessfully. It is now an accomplished fact, however, that any number of teeth can be extracted and without the least pain. And in order to give the people of Toronto an opportunity to become convinced of the wonderful results attained by the vibrator, Drs. Patterson & Fenton will name Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week as the days upon which they will extract teeth for all who wish, free of charge, between the hours of 10 and 12 a.m. No person need feel himself under the least obligation because of this, as the doctors will be more than repaid if they convince you of the marvellous merit of the Dental Electric Vibrator. Note the address: 169 College street, 2nd door west of McCaul street.

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Dentists
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Week January 6
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Prices—15c., 20c., 30c., 35c. and 50c.
Week January 13 - Go-Won-Go-Mohawk

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J. K. KERR, Q.C., President.
The First Concert of the Season will take place on
Thursday, January 16
AT THE
PAVILION MUSIC HALL
In addition to the selection of concerted pieces to be given by the Society, the following artists have been engaged:
Miss HORTENSE PIERSE, Soprano.
Miss NORA CLENDIN, Solo Violinist
Miss ETELKA GUTANSI, Pianist
Subscription for the two concerts $5, entitling the subscriber to three reserved seats for each concert. Single tickets, reserved seats, $1, and also 50c. Upper gallery, 25c. Subscription tickets may be had by addressing Mr. H. BOURLIER, Hon. Sec.-Treas., cor. King and Yonge Sts.

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We distributed for the Christmas trade more splendid goods for the money than were ever sold before, and now for New Year's we still have the goods and they cost you less than one-half what you have paid years before. The best quadruple Silver Plated Knives—Dinners, $2.44 per doz., worth $4.50; Tea, $2.34, worth $4. Pickle Castors, $1.24, worth $2 50; and Butters, $1.24, worth $2 50.
We sold in all some 13,000 Books during the past ten days, and still we have a supply—24c. for Whittier, Longfellow and other poems—all best authors. Come and see us.
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FOR THE RE-ELECTION OF
E. F. CLARKE
AS MAYOR FOR 1890
Election will take place Monday, January 6, 1890

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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY
LIMITED
Notice is hereby given that a dividend of ten per cent. upon the paid-up capital stock in this institution has been declared for the current year, and that the same will be payable at the office of the Company, Adelaide Street West, on and after
Wednesday, the 15th Day of January Next
The transfer books will be closed from the 5th to the 16th day of January next, both days inclusive, by order of the Board,
E. E. SHEPPARD, Manager.
Toronto, December 23, 1889.

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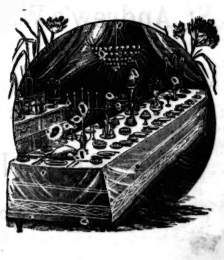

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

FERGUSSON—At Toronto, on December 30, Mrs. G. Tower Ferguson—a daughter.
PLUMMER—At Toronto, on December 30, Mrs. J. H. Plummer—a daughter.
TROTTER—At Toronto, on January 1, Mrs. R. W. Trotter—a son.
STAMPER—At Toronto, on December 28, Mrs F. Stamper—a son.
MILLER—At Toronto, on December 26, Mrs. D. Miller—a son.
ENGLISH—At Toronto, on December 21, Mrs. Harry English—a daughter.
FRASER—At Quebec, on December 23, Mrs. Simon Fraser—a son.
PAXTON—On December 27, Mrs. Alex. Paxton—a son.

Marriages.

INGRAM—BOYD—At Toronto, on December 24, William Ingram to Eliza Boyd.
NEWTON—JARMAN—At Toronto, W. C. Newton to Lilian Beatrice Jarman.
COMER—TROT—On December 23, James Comer to Jessie Ann Trot.
SISLEY—McMILLAN—At Toronto, on December 25, O. Sisley, M. D., to Minnie Madie McMillan.
GRIGOR—LOW—At Toronto, on December 25, James William Grigor to Christina Balfour Low.
LEPARD—WELLER—At Toronto, on December 15, David W. Lepard to Miss Emily T. Weller.
SUTHERLAND—BRADLEY—At St. Louis, on December 17, Alexander Sutherland of Toronto, to Mabel Estelle Bradley.
GRAY—SUTTON—At Walkerton, on Dec mber 24, James Gray, M.A., to Mary Louisa Sutton.
BROWN—JACKSON—At Toronto, on January 1, J. D. Brown to Minnie E. Jackson.
BLAKE—MANNING—At Toronto, on December 31, Hume Blake to Georgie Edna Manning.
MURRAY—NORTON—At St. Catharines, on December 31, Charles S. Murray to Harriet J. Norton.
TOWNSEND—POLSON—At Toronto, on December 31, Charles Jarvis Townsend to Annie Josephine Polson.
DUNN—BAYNE—At Hamilton, on December 19, Charles Munson Dunn to Ella Bayne.
STRONG—DENMARK—At Belleville, on December 26, Frederick W. Strong to Margaret Rosalind Denmark.

Deaths.

BREADON—At Toronto, on January 1, John Breadon, aged 36 years.
MAGUIRE—Accidentally killed, on December 31, William Maguire, aged 34 years.
TILT—At Brampton, on December 30, James Tilt, Q. C.
WOODALL—At Toronto, on December 29, Lord Wm. Austin Woodall, aged 8 years.
McCULLOCH—At East Toronto, on December 28, the youngest son of John and Mary McCulloch, aged 2 years.
TAYLOR—At Toronto, on December 29, John E. Taylor.
GLASS—At Toronto, on December 29, Frank Morley Strathy Glass, aged 3 years.
ARMSTRONG—At Toronto, on December 26, Mary Armstrong, aged 44 years.
BARNES—At Toronto, on December 27, Eliza Ann Jane Barnes, aged 44 years.
FOSTER—At Toronto, on December 25, David Foster, aged 60 years.
SMITH—At Toronto, on December 25, infant daughter of J. C. and Juliette Smith.
COSBURN—At Toronto, the only child of Richard and Margaret Cosburn, aged 1 year.
BARNES—At Toronto, on December 26, twin daughters of Rev. Wm. H. and Frances S. Barnes, aged 2 weeks.
JEFFERIS—At Toronto, on December 28, Mrs. Catharine Harriet Jefferis.
LINCKE—At Toronto, on December 29, Edward William Lincke, aged 62 years.
MILLIGAN—At Toronto, on December 27, Mrs. John Milligan, aged 34 years.
McLEAN—At Toronto, on December 27, Albert G. (Bert) McLean, aged 25 years.
HOWARD—At Toronto, on December 30, Gertrude Alberta Howard.
KNIGHT—At Toronto, on December 30, only child of Clifford and Mary Knight, aged 7 months.

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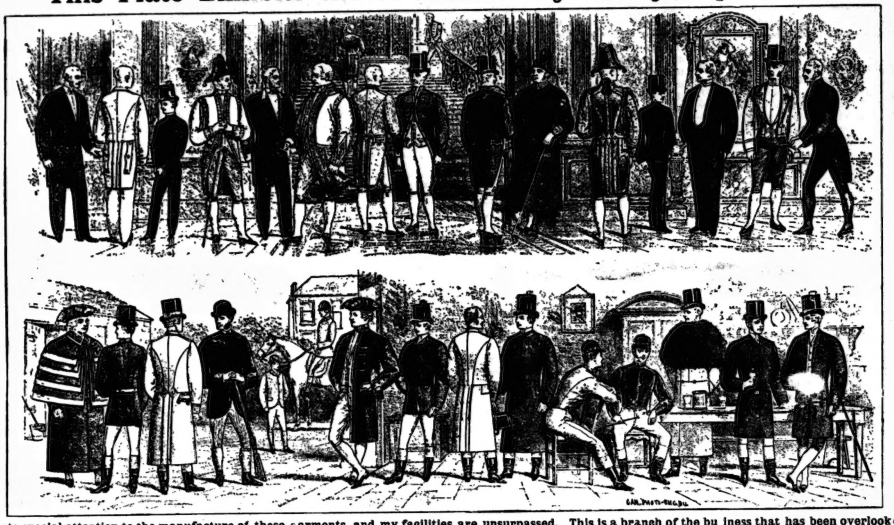

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1890 - 1890

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FOR THE COMING YEAR

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ALL-WOOL CRINKLE CLOTHS—At $1 a yard that always sold for $1.50.
LADIES' CHECKED HABIT CLOTH—$1 a yard, was $1.25. This season's goods. Every shade.
COSTUMES IN FRENCH SERGE and AMAZON CLOTHS—Marked down in proportion.
PRINTS AND SATEENS—Worth 25c. a yard, marked at 16c.

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FANCY TABLE COVERS, DAMASKS, &c.

FANCY TABLE COVERS, 4.4—Were $3, now $1.75.
FANCY TINSEL COVERS, 6.4—Were $3.75, now $1.50.
FANCY TAPESTRY COVERS, 8.4—Were $5, now $1.95.
FANCY PLUSH SIDEBOARD COVERS—Were $5, now $2.75.
TABLE DAMASK—Napkins, Towels, etc.

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17,000 yards Ribbons and Laces at 1c. a yard, were 5c. and 6c.
Velvet Ribbon, brocaded, at 9c. and 10c., was 35c. and 40c.
Fine Shades Cashmere Embroidery at 25c. a yard, was $1.10.

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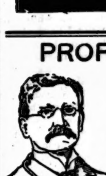
PROF. DAVIS



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